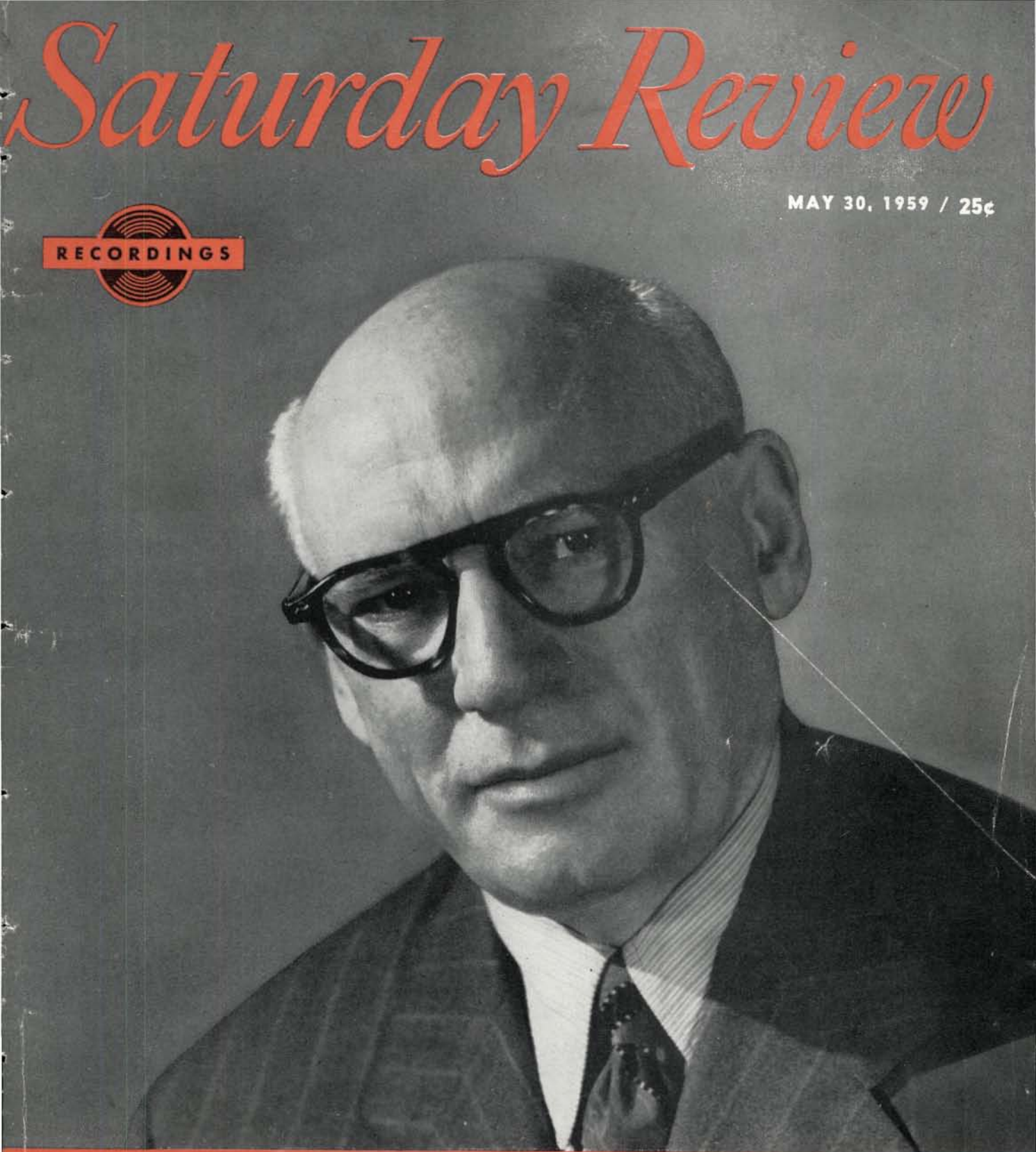
Saturday Review

MAY 30, 1959 / 25¢

RECORDINGS



S. Hurok, presenting the Bolshoi Ballet on its first American tour (See Recordings)

ADVENTURER IN THE ARTS

By Irving Kolodin

LADIES WITH THE LAST WO

By Ralph L. Woods

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urny, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 22, May 30, 1959. Second class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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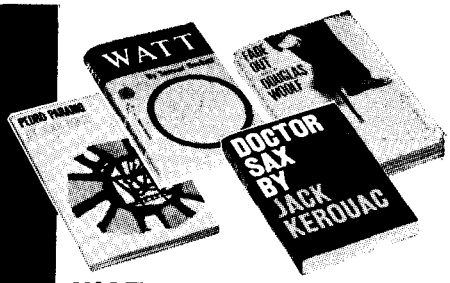

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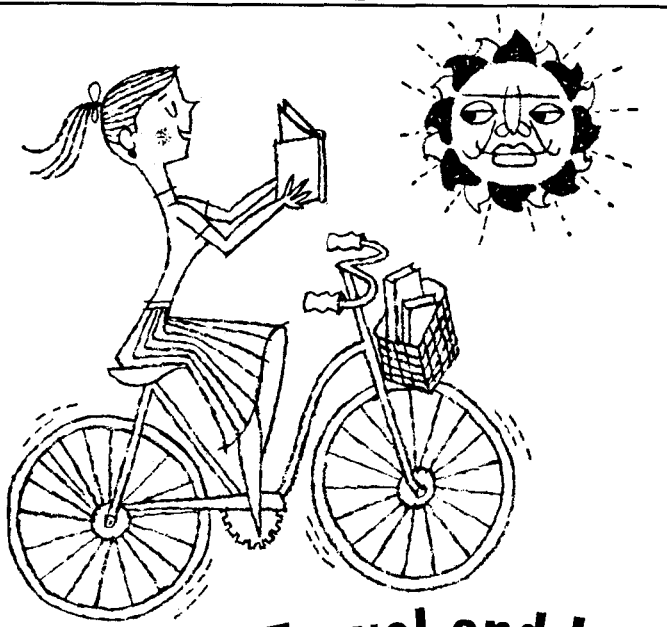

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One Battle We're Losing —And Why

Lest it seem self-serving, we of McGraw-Hill, as publishers, have hesitated to make the following statement about the "Battle of the Books." However, our reticence has been overcome by our conviction that it is greatly in the national interest to have much wider public understanding of the nature of this battle. This conviction is strengthened by the fact that many, not in the publishing industry, believe in the importance of this battle and, further, by the fact that it is a battle which the United States is losing.

The United States is losing an important battle — a battle of knowledge and ideas, waged with books. It does not have the excitement of competition in scientific achievement, nor the urgency of a diplomatic crisis, nor the obvious economic significance of a struggle for export markets. But our success or failure in this battle of knowledge and ideas may well have a decisive bearing on these more spectacular aspects of international rivalry.

The Russians know this. About a decade ago, they started a program to build up their export of books, the most durable and penetrating way of communicating knowledge and ideas. **By 1957 the Soviet Union was exporting 30 million books, one-and-a half times as many as the United States.** Many of these books are printed in English, and all are in languages of the non-Communist world.

In the languages of the Near East alone, the Russians printed and distributed 413,600 books in 1957, as compared with 166,415 in 1956. In India, Russian textbooks on engineering are to be published in English under a technical aid agreement signed in Moscow last December.

"Trade Follows The Book"

Books are in the advance guard of the Soviet political and economic challenge to the free world. With books go ways of thinking — about government, about education, about management, about science and technology. If these books do their job effectively in the training of those who will become a nation's leaders, they will provide the basis for political and cultural understanding and also, in the future, for trade.

The Russians are not the first to discover this relationship. Britain, which lives by trade, has traditionally exported more of its book production than any other nation. Today it exports one book in every two produced. The British have a favorite dictum: "Trade follows the book." They have proved its accuracy. Now the Russians are trying to make this same principle serve their purposes.

Where does the United States stand in this competition for men's minds? In number of books, it trails far behind the Soviet Union — exporting roughly 20 million books, against the Russians' 30 million. As a proportion of our total output of books, our exports amount to only 10% — against Britain's 50%.

The Russians' Advantage

U.S. book exports have grown in the years since World War II, from approximately $11,000,000 in 1946 to $35,000,000 in 1958 (both figures excluding Canada). But in expanding book exports, the American publishing industry faces two major obstacles:

(1) **The comparatively high cost of producing a book in the United States,** which puts its price well beyond the reach of many students, teachers and businessmen in other countries; and

(2) **The shortage of dollar exchange in many countries,** which means that importers can pay for

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books only in currencies that are of little use to American publishers.

The Russians have neither of these problems. Soviet publishing is state-subsidized, and exported books are sold for nominal sums paid in the currencies of the importers. As these books serve the political and economic purposes of the Soviet Union, they are cheerfully sold on giveaway terms.

The American publishing industry, on its own, is making vigorous efforts to increase the distribution of American books in other countries. Leading U.S. publishers and their agents have offices and salesmen in the major countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Several publishers have begun to reprint textbooks in Asia at one-half to one-third of their U.S. costs, thus making them available to the students in Asian countries at prices they can more nearly afford. And the American paperback has become a symbol of low cost in popular books. But neither of these devices is practicable for serious cultural, technical, scientific, educational and professional books, which require durable, hard-bound and necessarily expensive editions. Despite their great importance to those who need these books, the demand for them is simply not large enough to warrant low-cost publishing methods.

Government agencies also have increased the availability of American books. The United States Information Agency and the International Cooperation Administration have placed American books in libraries overseas, donated them to educational institutions and presented them to key individuals in the industries and governments of the developing countries of the world. But these programs are small in relation to the need.

A Modest Program

An unusual and little-publicized Government program has helped American publishers overcome the other major obstacle to the export of books — the shortage of dollar exchange. This is the Informational Media Guaranty (IMG) program, administered by the United States Information Agency. It enables publishers of books judged to be worthy of the American way of life to sell their books, for local currency, in countries such as the Philippines, Formosa, Vietnam, Burma, Indonesia, Pakistan, Turkey, Israel, Poland, Yugoslavia, Spain and Chile, which would otherwise be unable to buy these books because of their shortage of U.S. dollar exchange.

The IMG program is not a giveaway. Publishers have to **sell** their books, and customers overseas have to want them enough to **buy** them at full prices. IMG merely guarantees that the exporting publisher receives in dollars the payments he collects from his customers in their currency. The program costs very little in terms of our total foreign aid program, or in terms of what it accomplishes. In ten years it has made possible the sale of $150 million worth of books, magazines and films to countries of key economic and strategic importance at a cost of only $10 million.

The IMG functions through a revolving fund. Foreign currencies are exchanged for dollars, and the foreign currencies in turn are resold to replenish the supply of dollars. The net cost is the small but unavoidable loss on resale of these foreign currencies. Over the ten years of this program, the IMG revolving fund has shrunk from its original $28 million to $18 million, $10 million of which is in unconverted foreign currencies.

If this modest but vitally important program is to be continued, Congress must appropriate the money necessary to rebuild the revolving fund. This would ensure that any country approved by the State Department and willing to sign an agreement to buy American books, at their full price, with its own currency, could do so. Last August, Congress reduced a requested appropriation for this purpose from $7 million to $2½ million. To continue even at its present reduced level, an appropriation of $3½ million is needed. To realize the full potential of IMG, the revolving fund must be restored to its original level.

If the IMG program is not continued, with adequate financial support, some countries whose friendship and understanding we seek today and with whom we hope to build a trading partnership in the future will have to reduce their purchases of American books to a trickle. These are countries where school teachers, college professors, students, engineers, doctors and businessmen need and want to buy American books. The loss will be not only theirs, but ours as well. For it will deprive the U.S. of one of its most effective, and least costly, means of communicating knowledge and ideas and understanding of the American way of life.

This message is presented by the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company to help increase public knowledge and understanding of an important national problem. Permission is freely extended to newspapers, groups or individuals to quote or reprint all or parts of the text.

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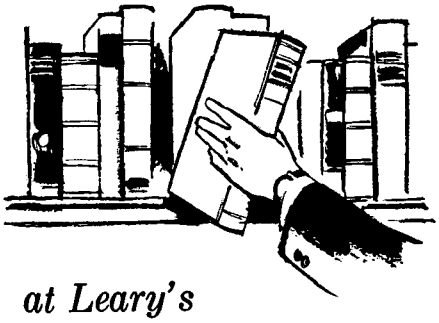

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TRADE Winds

ON THE EVENING OF April 6, 1959, the critics of the New York stage made their way to a small theatre smuggled into a building on Forty-first Street, which looked for all the world like a subway entrance.

It was not a very distinguished or signal occasion.

Two of the critics, Brooks Atkinson of the *Times,* and Richard Watts, of the *Post,* were happy to send substitutes to this obscure off-Broadway opening.

By all the rules of the book, they were right.

A thirty-four-year-old actor named Hal Holbrook was planning to spend two hours and seven minutes on the stage reciting passages from Mark Twain.

Everybody concerned had read Mark Twain for years, so there appeared to be nothing particularly exciting about that. No one in the theatre fraternity knew anything about the young actor named Hal Holbrook, and even the greatest names in the theatre are hard put to keep an audience happy for a full evening without the benefit of a supporting cast and a lavish production.

VICTOR BORGE HAD done it, but he sang and cavorted with brilliant authority. He was also a household word, as familiar as Lux and Post Toasties. Bea Lillie and Ethel Waters had done it, but they could get a hand of applause if they walked unannounced into a dime store.

PRESS AGENT HARVEY SABINSON, who handles $300,000 musicals and shows burning up with big-name marquees, is frank to confess that he took on the publicity assignment for Holbrook's "Mark Twain Tonight!" performance as a personal favor for a friend.

"After I had sent out my general release, all I got was a fishy stare and a single question from the press: 'Who is Hal Holbrook?' This can make you a little nervous. I had to admit that we'd be happy to get a week's run out of it. Or that we'd be lucky to fill up a hundred seats on opening night."

WHEN THE CURTAIN opened that night of April 6, the critics and audience were greeted with a bare stage, containing a lectern, a table, and a chair. In a moment, Mr. Holbrook appeared in a white turn-of-the-century suit, a shock of white hair and a flowing white mustache.

He began speaking.

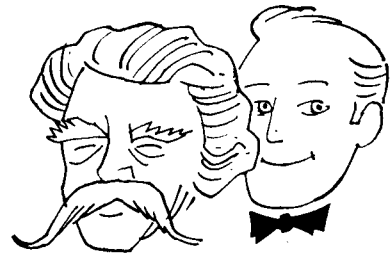
Within sixty seconds, the audience was no longer listening to a young actor. They were listening to a seventy-year-old man by the name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

About four modest laughs were clocked in the first minute. Then they became more frequent. They built in intensity, and they did not stop.

Sabinson was taken aback, along with everybody else.

"It's the most amazing thing that happened in the theatre in years. And the first honest opening night in a long while. No big clusters of backers with nervous laughter. No pretension. And at the first intermission, I got a nod and a smile from several of the critics as they went up the aisle. This *never* happens."

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, the raves were literally unanimous. Walter Kerr, of the *Herald Tribune,* the senior critic present, called it "Robust . . . mightily entertaining." Coleman called it "A spell-binding evening of entertainment." McClain, "An enchanting evening."



Watts and Atkinson, hurrying back to catch the show later, went overboard. Wrote Watts: "Whatever ecstasies of enthusiasm you've heard haven't been exaggerated." Atkinson, supporting his substitute Arthur Gelb, wrote later: "Brilliant, and explosively comic." *SR*'s own critic, Henry Hewes, said: "Challenges the modern supercharged comic."

ALL THIS DID NOT come about by accident. We talked to Mr. Holbrook after his performance, during the forty-five minute job of removing his make-up. (It takes him three hours to put it on.)

"I guess you could say," Holbrook said, "that I've been on a twelve-year pre-Broadway tour. Back in 1947, my wife Ruby and I had worked

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together in an act in the theatre department of Denison University. We did various scenes from 'Elizabeth and Essex,' 'Victoria Regina,' 'Hamlet'—that sort of thing. A newspaper interview from Mark Twain's own words was one of the scenes. Before we could catch our breath, Edward Wright, head of the drama department at the college, booked us through a lecture agent to tour the show through the Southwest.

"We took a deep breath, borrowed $3,000 without collateral, and took off in a station wagon to play 307 engagements in thirty weeks. I fell in love with Mark Twain's writings, and gradually his character grew. By the time our two youngsters came along, I was doing the Mark Twain act as a solo.

"Main problem was to combine all these various works of Twain to keep them completely authentic, yet to make them flow from one piece of material to the other without the seams showing. I'd spend as much as twenty-four hours trying to find two lines to carry me over a transition. It was exciting, rewarding work. The more you read Mark Twain, the more he grows on you. It never seemed like work, actually. It was more of a literary feast."

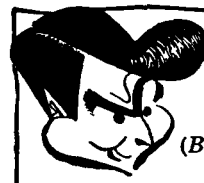
Holbrook was a high-school athlete who thought acting was sissy stuff. However, he was persuaded to take some classes in drama as snap courses, and the next thing he knew he was hooked. He does not want the unprecedented success of "Mark Twain Tonight!" to brand him as merely an impersonator. He wants to continue to develop as a character actor in many different roles. Right at the moment, his main problem is sorting out the scores of offers from television, Hollywood, and the stage—and to make the right move.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1313)

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER:
LIONS, DOGS,
(AND BUTTERFLIES)

The Bronx Zoo has just bought five baby lions and installed them in its nursery. They are to be understudies to the ten-year-old lions who have been in the park, roaming relatively free on the Zoo's "African Plains" for the past decade.



On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

SCHULTZ IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING

Beppo Schultz, boulevardier, raconteur, connoisseur, sportsman, bon vivant, hail fellow well met—in short, typical American college man—smokes today's new Marlboros.

"Why do you smoke today's new Marlboros, hey?" a friend recently asked Beppo Schultz.

"I smoke today's new Marlboros," replied Beppo, looking up from his 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car, "because they are *new*."

"New?" said the friend. "What do you mean—new?"

"I mean the flavor's great, the filter's improved, the cigarette is designed for today's easier, breezier living," said Beppo.

"Like this 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked the friend.

"Exactly," said Beppo.

"She's a beauty," said the friend, looking admiringly at the car. "How long have you had her?"

"It's a male," said Beppo.

"Sorry," said the friend. "How long have you had him?"

"About a year," said Beppo.

"Have you done a lot of work on him?" asked the friend.

"Oh, have I not!" cried Beppo. "I have replaced the pushrods with a Roots type supercharger. I have replaced the torque with a synchromesh. I have replaced the tachometer with a double side draft carburetor."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the friend.

"I have replaced the hood with a bonnet," said Beppo.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the friend.

"And I have put gloves in the glove compartment," said Beppo.

"My, you have been the busy one," said the friend. "You must be exhausted."

"Maybe a trifle," said Beppo, with a brave little smile.

"Know what I do when I'm tired?" said the friend.

"Light a Marlboro?" ventured Beppo.

"Oh, pshaw, you guessed!" said the friend, pouting.

"But it was easy," said Beppo, chuckling kindlily. "When the eyelids droop and the musculature sags and the psyche is depleted, what is more natural than to perk up with today's new Marlboro?"

"A great new smoke with better 'makin's' and a great new filter!" proclaimed the friend, his young eyes glistening.

"Changed to keep pace with today's changing world!" declared Beppo, whirling his arms in concentric circles. "A cigarette for a sunnier age, an age of greater leisure and more beckoning horizons!"

Now, tired but happy, Beppo and his friend lit Marlboros and smoked for a time in deep, silent contentment. At length the friend spoke. "He certainly is a beauty," he said.

"It's a male," said Beppo.

"You mean my 2.9 litre L-head Hotchkiss drive double overhead camshaft British sports car?" asked Beppo.

"Yes," said the friend. "How fast will he go?"

"Well, I don't rightly know," said Beppo. "I can't find the starter."

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* * *

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Saturday Review

MAY 30, 1959

LADIES WITH THE LAST WORD

By RALPH L. WOODS, *who has compiled several anthologies. He is now preparing one of invective.*

UNTIL comparatively recent times law and custom decreed women should be The Silent Sex. Nevertheless many of them have managed to have their say—and with fire and wit that makes lively reading even in this day of free and easy speech.

For example, Thankful Hutchins, in 1806, hired space in *The Connecticut Courant* to tell the public about the man she made the mistake of marrying:

"Thomas Hutchins came as a fortune-teller into this town about a year ago, with a recommendation, which, with some artful falsehoods, induced me to marry him. Of the four wives he had before me, the last one he quarreled away; how the other three came by their deaths, he can best inform the public; but I caution all widows or maidens against marrying him, be their desire for matrimony ever so strong. Should he make his advances under a feigned name, they may look out for a little strutting, talkative, meagre, hatched-faced fellow with spindle shanks and a little warped in the back.

THANKFUL HUTCHINS,
East Windsor, Conn."

Thankful's declaration is remarkable chiefly for having been made at all, rather than for its obvious bite. She lived in a place and period where legal gags and social straitjackets suppressed the spirit and denied the rights of women. Once married, a woman was expected to remain in the home, silently huddled on the domestic shelf.

If the standard histories are to be believed, women of all eras made scant or no contributions to the life of their times. But there is some evidence they may well have been more active than the chroniclers were willing to record.

Despite severe restrictions, women of the Roman Empire during some periods, at least, exerted considerable influence upon government. Cato once cried out that "All other men rule over women; but we Romans, who rule all men, are ruled by our women." In 195 B.C. the free women of Rome forced their way into the Forum and demanded repeal of a law forbidding them the use of gold ornaments, varicolored dresses, and chariots. When Cato predicted this would ruin Rome the ladies laughed him down, stood their ground, and the law was repealed.

ST. CATHERINE TO POPE GREGORY: "You know what you once promised to God! Keep your vow!"

Perhaps the most striking exception to the Middle Ages' opposition to outside activities by women was the self-educated daughter of an Italian dyer—St. Catherine of Sienna. This happy, laughing girl demonstrated what a flaming spirit, untarnished by worldly ambitions, can accomplish against powerful forces. In her first letter to Pope Gregory XI, at Avignon, she scolded him for "too great tenderness and solicitude among relatives . . . too great softness based upon too great mercy" and referred to the papal court as infested with "those demons incarnate among the shepherds who attend to nothing if not to eating, beautiful palaces and fat horses." In 1376 this saintly child of the people wrote Gregory her famous protest against his choice of new Cardinals, ending with "I beseech you to do what you have to do manfully and with fear of God." And

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later, when she went personally to Avignon, a long and vehement dialogue ensued during which Catherine at one point exclaimed "Courage, my Father! Be a man!" and at another, "You know what you once promised to God! Now keep your vow!" Catherine's triumph was complete: Gregory returned the Holy See to Rome.

History records other instances of briefer and sharper retorts by women to the mighty, such as Caroline of Brunswick, wife of England's dissolute and stupid George IV, who was widely believed to have illegally married his mistress, Mrs. Fitzherbert. George brought Caroline before the House of Lords on a charge of infidelity. When requested to reply to the allegation, Caroline cleverly and successfully bid for acquittal with: "The only time I ever committed adultery was with the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert."

Napoleon occasionally left himself open to a riposte. When Madame de Chevreuse, splendidly arrayed in diamonds, visited the Tuilleries, the Little Corporal asked, "Are they all

MADAME DE CHEVREUSE TO NAPOLEON: ". . . at any rate they are good enough to wear here."

real?" "Mon Dieu, sire," was the reply, "I really don't know, but at any rate they are good enough to wear here." Another woman who had met Napoleon when he was in exile in England, later encountered him in Paris after he had seized power. The world was wondering how long he would remain in command. "Will you be staying long in Paris, madame?" asked Bonaparte. "Not long. And you?" inquired the English lady.

Those irritated by the feminine mannerisms and malicious gossiping of Horace Walpole, eighteenth-century English politician and author, would have enjoyed reading what his friend Madame du Deffeand once said to him in a letter: "If you were a Frenchman, I would call you a great coxcomb. You are English, therefore

QUEEN CAROLINE: "The only time I ever committed adultry was with . . ."

a fool . . . I seek in vain for insults to hurl at you." And later the old and blind noblewoman wrote the mincing dilletante: "You measure friendship, integrity, mind, everything, in fact, according to the amount of homage rendered to yourself. . . . You wish no one to exist except to give you pleasure. You poison your days with suspicions and doubts and alienate your friends by making them despair of ever contenting you."

The cleverest thrusts of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, famous wit of the eighteenth century, are to be found in letters she wrote for the entertainment of a small and artificial society, and in the memoirs of those who knew her. This beautiful, high-born woman of spirit, and often of indifference to the feelings of others, customarily penned such witty malice as the following:

"Ned Thompson is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that."

"The last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness: according to all appearances she cannot fail of being a widow in six months at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife as to line her wedding clothes with black."

"The first of the ladies [Lady Holdernesse] is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. Mildmay, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by rheumatism, and he has an arm he cannot move. I wish I could give you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters."

When fifty-year-old Lady Rich affected a girlish simplicity, Lady Mary said: "Look you, madam, I grant it a very fine thing to continue always fifteen—*that* everybody must approve of, it is quite fair; but, indeed, one need not be five years old."

But in her feud with Alexander Pope, Lady Mary came off second best and lost much of her luster. The cause of the breach has never been determined. It is known they met and corresponded over a seven-year period, that Pope wrote her elaborate letters, perhaps even ardent ones. One theory is that the break resulted because Lady Mary burst out laughing when Pope made impassioned love to her. In any case, she became the implacable enemy of Pope, a master at literary warfare. When Pope called her a *whore* and said she wore a dirty smock, Lady Mary made the mistake of answering him in verses extraordinary for a woman of that period, but still no match for Pope.

Under the title of "To the Imitator of the Satire of the Second Book of Horace" her poem began with:

> In two large columns on thy motley page
> Where Roman wit is striped with English rage;
> Where ribaldry to satire makes pretense,
> And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense;
> Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought;
> And on the other, how he never wrote.

And after many stanzas the poem

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: ". . . but, indeed, one need not be five years old."

ends with a venomous stab at Pope's hunched back:

> Then whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
> And try at least t' assassinate our fame,
> Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot,
> Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
> But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind;
> And with the emblem of thy

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crooked mind
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land."

Generations after her death Lady Mary can still provoke strong words. Not long ago Edith Sitwell called her "a dilapidated macaw, with a hard, piercing laugh, mirthless and joyless, with a few unimaginative phrases, with a parrot's power of observation, and a parrot's hard and poisonous bite."

Charlotte Brontë has left us an admirable reply to literary critic G. H. Lewes, whom she felt did her less than justice:

"I will tell you why I was hurt by that review in the *Edinburgh*. . . . because after I had said earnestly that I wished critics would judge me as an *author*, not as a woman, you so roughly—I even thought cruelly—handled the question of sex. . . .

"I know what your nature is: it is not a bad or unkind one, though you would often jar terribly on some feelings with whose recoil and quiver you could not possibly sympathise. I imagine you are both enthusiastic and implacable, as you are at once sagacious and careless; you know much and discover much, but you are in such a hurry to tell it all you never give yourself time to think how your reckless eloquence may affect others; and, what is more, if you knew how it did affect them, you would not much care. . . .

"I am still real angry, and I think I do well to be angry; but it is the anger one experiences for rough play rather than foul play."

Meanwhile in the United States a few courageous women were beginning to speak out on issues of the day—or fanning into issues conditions others were content to let smolder.

This development was anticipated by Abigail Adams in 1776 when she wrote with prophetic playfulness to her husband, then in Philadelphia helping draft the Declaration of Independence: "If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws with which we have no voice or representation."

One of the earliest and certainly one of the most feared American literary scolds was brawling, possibly unbalanced, Anne Royall, who in 1823 began her stormy career at the age of fifty-four, widowed, poor, alone and fearless. She traveled all over the nation, writing acidly candid and witty observations of places and people, and publishing them in a series of books. People feared the pen of the stout little woman with a ready laugh; perhaps none more than the Evangelical missionaries she hated, for reasons unknown. She called these missionaries "Holy Willies," "Hallelujah Holdforths," "Mucklewraths," and their womenfolk "Miss Dismals," and described them in these words: "Their visage is long, their complexion a dirty wan; they are generally tall, gaunt and supple; distant and vulgar in their manners; the gloom in their countenance is never interrupted with a smile. . . . From Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Missouri, they swarm like locusts."

Politicians were among Anne Royall's antipathies. She said of Senator Chambers of Maryland: "He has a slim person, a slim face, a slim nose, and, if I were to spend my opinion of him, I would pronounce him to have a slim soul."

She called Senator Bibb "a low blue skin not worth naming," Counselor Ogden of New York "an oxen standing on his hind legs," and House Speaker Taylor "a thickheaded, broad-faced man, with a blue eye, bald head and vacant countenance." A brigadier general was characterized by her as "in height not quite as tall as the Puppyskin Parson, about five feet, I should think, and about the size of a full-grown raccoon, which he resembles in phiz." When a New Haven attorney ejected her from his office, she said, "He generally wears a blue coat, short breeches and long boots; his body is large, his legs spindly; he wears powder in his hair; his face resembles a full-moon in shape, and is red as a fiery furnace, the effect of drinking pure water, no doubt."

ABIGAIL ADAMS warning her husband: "We are determined to foment a rebellion."

Margaret Fuller, an intellectual friend of Emerson and others of that period, could be scathing. When a woman confused mythology and animal magnetism and otherwise annoyed her, Margaret said, "Why, Mrs. Nias, you would have been worth educating." And during the intermission at a Boston symphony concert she turned to a group of people back of her, who had talked and laughed through the music, and softly asked, "May I speak with you one moment?" "Certainly," said a spokesman for the group. "I only wish to say," resumed Miss Fuller, "that I trust in the whole course of your life you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of music lovers this evening."

In the decade or two before the Civil War the American scene was enlivened by the unprecedented spectacle of a few women of marked ability who dared to speak out challengingly before mixed audiences—a development condemned as "degeneracy and ruin," "an outrage on decency" and as "unsexing" the women speakers.

MASSACHUSETTS-BORN Lucy Stone, a 104-pound bundle of courage, was one of the era's most effective orators. She employed her exceptionally beautiful speaking voice in behalf of women's rights in almost every city and hamlet of the East and Middle West, sometimes being mobbed for her efforts. On one occasion she and her sister crusaders were called "infidels." "Let them call us infidels, if they please," replied Lucy, "But, oh!, don't let them call *themselves* Christians." Another time she said "No more legal respect is paid to a woman's marriage than the farmer pays to the conjunction of his swine."

At a World Temperance convention in New York, in 1853, P. T. Barnum amused the audience with a talk on the comic antics of the drunkard. Lucy Stone followed him on the program. Although drunkards did not amuse her, she realized she might lose her audience if she attacked Barnum. So she began her talk in this astute way:

"I could not help thinking, when my friend, Barnum, was speaking of the drunkard with his heavily-uttered words, and his miserable ruin of himself, that while we would laugh at the picture made before our eyes; yet, should that man have been our brother, our father, our son, we should feel the deepest pity and the deepest grief; and, while he made a mockery of his own nature, we might feel for him a stronger love."

But surely the nation's most dedicated, tireless and effective fighter for women's rights was the valiant spinster Susan B. Anthony, who without financial resources made a profound impact on her times. Though a grim campaigner, Miss Anthony was

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capable of the stinging retort. When she was urging woman suffrage before a New York State Constitutional Convention in 1867, Horace Greeley, knowing she was a Quaker, hoped to embarrass her by asking: "Miss Anthony, you know the ballot and the bullet go together. If you vote, are you ready to fight?" "Yes, Mr. Greeley," replied Susan, "just as you fought in the late war—at the point of a goose-quill."

LADY ASTOR referring to Britain: "It must be in their thinking."

Meanwhile, on the American frontier, the absurdly glamorized Calamity Jane was revealing her true character by such episodes as when she called out to a street preacher in Deadwood, S. D., "Aw, you go to hell, Hank. I don't take preachin' from an old goat I've slept under the same blanket with more'n a hundred times."

Women journalists have found the quick and clever retort an asset, perhaps a necessity at times. Helen Worden tells about Rheta Childe Dorr being interviewed for a job by Hammond Lamont, editor of the then staid *New York Post*. Lamont emphasized the paper's policy of hiring only reporters of good breeding and impeccable character. Mrs. Dorr glanced at a picture of the paper's founder, who was an illegitimate child, and said, "It gives me a certain sense of superiority to think that I am to have a job that Alexander Hamilton couldn't possibly have aspired to."

Washington correspondent Ruby Black was in a Capitol elevator when a Senator inquired, "Is everything you are writing today the truth?" "Yes," said Miss Black, "everything not enclosed in quotation marks."

Vital, vivid Viscountess Astor, born and raised in the United States, has a superb gift of repartee, and during twenty-five continuous years as a member of the House of Commons had ample opportunity to use it—particularly in the beginning when a die-hard faction was determined to be as unpleasant as possible to the first woman elected to that body. Months after her election a distinguished cabinet member met her in the Commons' corridors and reluctantly offered his congratulations.

"But I have been in the House six months and you have not taken the slightest notice of me," replied Nancy Astor.

"I don't like women in Parliament and when you took your seat I endured the same kind of embarasment as I would if a lady had invaded my bathroom."

"If I were as ugly as you," asserted Mrs. Astor, "I should have no fear of anybody invading my bathroom."

Nancy Astor visited Russia before World War II, called on Stalin and gave him a sample of her mental agility. The Russian dictator expressed wonder that so small an island as Great Britain governed one-third of the world. "Look at the map," she replied. "It can't be might; it must be something in their thinking."

However stuffy and dull-witted much of what was once called "high society" may have been, nevertheless it was leavened by some women whose wit was not impaired by their wealth. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish was something of an *enfant terrible* of society with her striking personality and crackling wit. Mrs. Belmont confronted her in Newport in great indignation and said, "I hear you told everyone at Oelrich's last night that I look like a frog!" "A toad, my dear, a toad," Mrs. Fish replied.

Frederich Townsend Martin once told of an afternoon he spent visiting a home for the blind. At the end of a long inspirational address he asked the residents whether they would prefer blindness to deafness. "And," concluded Martin, "they unanimously decided in favor of deafness." "How else did you expect them to decide," observed Mrs. Fish, "after listening to you for an hour?"

Some sparkling replies have been made by unidentified women. Such as the young woman to whom Oscar Wilde, while visiting the United States, complained the nation lacked antiquities and curiosities. The American girl scored nicely by explaining, "We shall have the antiquities in time; the curiosities we are currently importing." And then there was the puny male who yelled at a woman speaker at a suffrage meeting, "Wouldn't you like to be a man?" "Wouldn't you?" was the instant reply.

So many brilliant replies have been attributed to Dorothy Parker, and their appearance in print has been so frequent, that Miss Parker apparently does not bother either to acknowledge or deny them. Certainly one of the most crushing ascribed to her was when a man said, "I simply can't bear fools!" "How odd!" exclaimed Miss Parker. "Apparently your mother could."

Gertude Stein arrived in her native United States after an absence of thirty-one years. A large press delegation boarded the ship at New York to interview this widely known and controversial writer of what may be called obscure if not incomprehensible prose. But to their surprise, Miss Stein answered all questions frankly, quickly, clearly and intelligently. Finally one reporter asked, "Miss Stein, why don't you write the way you talk?" She smiled and replied, "Why don't you read the way I write?"

WHEN W. S. Gilbert, light opera librettist and impresario, refused to grant an interview to a woman journalist unless she paid him a fee of twenty guineas, he received this curt reply: "The Comtesse de Bremont presents her compliments to Mr. W. S. Gilbert and in reply to his answer to her request for an interview for *St. Paul's*, in which he states his terms as twenty guineas for that privilege, begs to say that she anticipates the pleasure of writing his obituary for nothing."

Cigar-smoking Amy Lowell, of the famous Boston family, abruptly disabused those who tended to think of women poets as delicate little ladies who sniff violets, pen pale phrases and become ill at the suggestion of controversy. This wonderfully kind and helpful friend to many economically-pressed writers enjoyed literary combat and strove always to keep it fair, clean, and objective. She believed that candid exchanges were constructive and need not leave personal scars. The following suggests

GERTRUDE STEIN speaking to reporters: "Why don't you read the way I write?"

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The *Saturday Review*-Anisfield-Wolf Awards

Edith Anisfield Wolf

THIS year's winners of the coveted Anisfield-Wolf Awards are "Stride Toward Freedom," by Martin Luther King, Jr., and "Racial and Cultural Minorities," by George Eaton Simpson and J. Milton Yinger. The award of $2,000 is presented annually by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf, of Cleveland, Ohio, under the sponsorship of the *Saturday Review*, to the book or divided between the books that deal most creditably with the problems of race relations.

It was in 1934 in New York City that the Anisfield-Wolf Awards first took form. Mrs. Wolf met her two old friends Amy Loveman and Henry Seidel Canby of the *Saturday Review* to discuss some way to commemorate the memory of her father, John Anisfield, a well-known Ohio philanthropist and an active leader in civic affairs. One of his favorite projects was a summer camp for girls, because he believed that girls who had known a healthy out-of-doors life made better mothers. As a young woman, Mrs. Wolf worked with her father on community activities which often touched upon racial and minority groups. These were an especial concern of hers and it was in this area that Mrs. Wolf decided to establish a commemorative award for the best scholarly book. In 1942, after the death of her husband, Eugene Wolf, Mrs. Wolf increased the award—to $2,000—and the scope to include fiction, drama, and poetry.

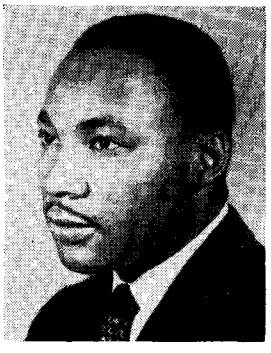
The years have not dimmed Mrs. Wolf's humanitarian and literary interests. She is as active today in the Cleveland community as when she helped her father. Not long ago she served as editor of the Ohio Poetry Society's anthology of verse. She does not choose, however, to participate in the selections of the award winners. She only learns of them after the judges have made their choice. But she does take great pleasure in meeting and writing to them, among whom have been Langston Hughes, Han Suyin, and Laurens van der Post. One of her favorite letters came from Alan Paton, who wrote to tell Mrs. Wolf how he and Laurens van der Post had met in London to discuss a project to improve racial relations in Kenya. They had despaired of finding funds to carry out their plans, when a check arrived and a letter, informing Paton that his book "Cry, the Beloved Country" had won the Anisfield-Wolf Award.

"My great hope," said Mrs. Wolf recently, "is that by encouraging interest in the problems that still exist, the Awards may, in some way, help to improve race relations."

The Winners

J. Milton Yinger

George E. Simpson



Martin Luther King

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., the gentle-voiced pastor of Montgomery, Alabama's Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, is one of America's best-known men. For his courageous leadership of the "passive resistance" boycott of Montgomery's transit system King has received over fifty honorary awards and degrees. Educated at Morehouse College and Crozier Theological Seminary, he earned his doctorate at Boston University; his thesis: "A Comparison of the Conceptions of God in the Thinking of Paul Tillich and Henry Nelson Wieman." Even as a boy in Atlanta King wanted to become a minister like his father, whose congregation is one of the city's largest. In 1954, King, twenty-four years old and newly married, came to his Montgomery parish, prepared to lead a tranquil life. A year later an informal strike against the segregated busses began; the local Negro ministers formed the Montgomery Improvement Association to direct the boycott. King was elected president. Throughout the attempts on his life, the bombings of his house, his arrest (for speeding), King continued his work until the victory for desegregation was won. Since that time he has traveled extensively, speaking both to small civic groups and heads of state. Recently he returned to Montgomery from India, where he was a guest of the government. King, who tempers his unwavering hope with enduring patience, has said, "Christian love can bring brotherhood on earth. . . . No matter how low one sinks into racial bigotry, he can be redeemed."

GEORGE EATON SIMPSON, whose teaching career has embraced years at Temple University and Pennsylvania State College, now guides the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Oberlin College. A fellow of the Royal Anthropology Institute and the American Anthropology Association, Professor Simpson has written articles on racial relations in this country and in Haiti which are well known in his field as, indeed, are his other books, which include "The Negro in the Philadelphia Press" and "Jamai-

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can Revivalist Cults." He was educated at Coe College and the University of Missouri and was awarded his doctorate by the University of Pennsylvania.

J. MILTON YINGER, who works with Professor Simpson at Oberlin College, is an associate professor in the same department. He has spent many summer months acting as dean of the International Students Seminar, which is sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, and, before coming to Oberlin, he taught at Ohio Wesleyan. Dr. Yinger was trained as a sociologist at DePauw, Louisiana State University, and the University of Wisconsin, and his research has led to two other books: "Religion and the Struggle for Power" and "Religion, Society, and the Individual."

The Books

THE first of the two Anisfield-Wolf Awards this year goes to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. for his book, **"Stride Toward Freedom"** (Harper, $2.95). This is one of the most heartening studies on race relations ever to have been published in America, for it is the story, told by its chief proponent, of the first successful large-scale application of nonviolent resistance to manmade injustice in America. The story begins with a bus strike in Montgomery County, Alabama, and concludes with a Supreme Court decision. But, first and last, it is a story that begins with and ends with a man—one of America's great men, Martin Luther King, Jr. By boycotting the segregated buses, King's cooperation would be withdrawn from an evil system. "Something," he writes, "began to say to me, 'He who passively accepts evil is as much involved in it as he who helps to perpetrate it.'" And from that moment on King spoke not of boycott but of "massive noncooperation." The principle of nonviolent resistance that worked so well for Gandhi in India worked equally well in Montgomery County, Alabama.

The bus strike was 100 per cent successful, in spite of the worst that the white officials of Montgomery County could do. Dr. King was, of course, arrested on a trumped-up charge, and so were many others. Neither the bombing of private homes, assaults, and harassments, threats nor slander, could prevent the Negro people of Alabama from deviating from the course of noncooperation with evil, in short, with racism. This book, written so beautifully and in such quiet voice, tells an inspiring story of the victory of integrity over bigotry. Men have much to learn from this noble story.

"Racial and Cultural Minorities: An Analysis of Prejudice and Discrimination" (Harper, $6), by George Eaton Simpson and J. Milton Yinger was first published in 1953. A revised edition was called for and published less than three years later, a fact which in itself testifies to the success of this excellent book. One of the two Anisfield-Wolf Awards goes to this book because of its many merits, among which are its unusually wide and detailed coverage of the subject, its multidisciplinary approach, its timeliness, and its critical presentation of the evidence. In addition the authors have placed their discussion of racial and cultural minorities squarely within the context of human behavior as it is exhibited principally in relation to the Negro in the United States. But many other minority groups also receive attention, and this being a big book—about 400,000 words—no minority is slighted. The Negro, as the largest of these groups in the United States and the subject of most study, as well as being the principal focus of "the race problem," naturally receives most attention.

The reader of this work is fortunate in his mentors, for he will not only emerge with a deepened understanding of the race problem, but also with a deepened understanding of man and society. "Racial and Cultural Minorities" is one of the most valuable and stimulating contributions toward the clarification and amelioration of the problem of "race" to have appeared in years. —ASHLEY MONTAGU.

The Judges

ASHLEY MONTAGU, chairman; anthropologist and the author of "Man's Most Dangerous Myth: The Fallacy of Race."

PEARL BUCK, winner of the Pulitzer and the Nobel Prize, whose most recent novel is "Command the Morning."

LILLIAN SMITH, author of "Strange Fruit," co-edited *South Today,* and won Southern Authors' Award.

OSCAR HANDLIN, historian at Harvard University and the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning book "The Uprooted."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Riddle of Ross

By Granville Hicks

JAMES THURBER first met Harold Ross in 1927, when *The New Yorker* was two years old, and they were closely associated until Ross's death in 1951. In **"The Years with Ross"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5) Thurber has tried to give neither a biography of Ross nor a history of his magazine. What he has primarily done is to tell a lot of stories, many of them very good stories, about his experiences with Ross and the experiences of others. These are grouped in a general way by topic—Ross and writers, Ross and artists, Ross and managing editors, and so on.

Thurber says that when he used to be asked, "What manner of man is this Harold Ross?" he could only reply, "What Harold Ross do you mean? There are so many of him. On the other side of every Ross is still another Ross. I keep finding new ones myself." It is not surprising, therefore, that his book is full of contradictions. "If you get Ross down on paper," Wolcott Gibbs told Thurber, "nobody will believe it." For myself, I find Thurber's Ross hard to believe in; whether that proves that Thurber has got his man is another question.

The reader is confronted with a series of paradoxes. In the first place, we are led to conclude that the founder of a magazine that was intended to be, and has generally been accepted as, the epitome of urban sophistication was incurably provincial. Thurber says that he often thinks of Ross as "an 'aw shucks' farm boy from Colorado trying to land a 1900 biplane in the middle of Fifth Avenue," and he reports that "his heavy ingenuous Colorado hand was often laid violently upon anything that struck him as 'intellectual.'" That Ross had a prudish streak has often been said, and Thurber devotes a chapter to anecdotes illustrative of this trait.

Furthermore, it appears that Ross was by no means a cultivated man. "His mind is uncluttered by culture," someone once said to Thurber. He knew nothing about painting or music, according to Thurber, and not much more about literature. "He talked, fitfully and at long intervals," Thurber remembers, "about Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi,' the short stories of O. Henry, especially 'The Ransom of Red Chief,' Jack London, certain war books, H. G. Wells—not the novels—the memoirs of doctors and surgeons, *True Detective* magazine, a book about the migration of eels, whose way of life never lost its fascination for him, and Kipling—not the poems." One day, the story goes, he asked the checking department, "Is Moby Dick the whale or the man?" On the occasion of their meeting he said to Thurber, as he was to say again and again,"Writers are a dime a dozen."

He was not sophisticated and he was not cultivated, and his success apparently cannot be attributed either to qualities of leadership or to administrative ability. As far as possible he avoided contact with his subordinates, and such contacts as he had were likely to be productive of bad feeling. He was a great believer in systems, but his systems, as Thurber describes them, were preposterous. In conducting his own affairs he was so far from systematic that his secretary was able to swindle him out of $71,000 in six or seven years.

The Ross portrayed in these pages was by no means an easy man to work with. After describing him as a kind of crusader, Thurber writes: "Many of us who went with him on his Quest, part of or all the way, often became bored or infuriated, and wanted to quit, and there were scores who did quit and found an easier way to live and make a living." In the chapters called "Miracle Men" and "More Miracle Men" he tells of some of those who came and went: Ralph Ingersoll, Joseph Moncure March, Arthur Samuels, James M. Cain, Bernard Bergman, Stanley Walker, and others. "My experience on *The New Yorker*," Walker told Thurber, "was, I suppose, something like trying to swim in a vat of blackstrap molasses while handcuffed."

"A few of us could not quit," Thurber says. Yet he leaves no doubt that he experienced his share of exasperation. Ross's uneasiness, his innumerable anxieties, and his great capacity for self-pity—qualities Thurber emphasizes—would have made him difficult enough, but then there was the strange way in which he exercised his editorial function. Thurber calls him "by far the most painstaking, meticulous, hairsplitting detail-criticizer the world of editing has known." And to show what he means, he gives an "opinion sheet" that Ross prepared with regard to a story of Thurber's—three pages of hairs that are split and resplit and then split again.

Ogden Nash wrote Thurber: "He was an almost impossible man to work for—rude, ungracious, and perpetually dissatisfied with what he read; and I admire him more than anyone I have met in professional life." This is the paradox the reader encounters again and again, for if there were persons who couldn't get along with Ross, there were many others who admired him greatly. Thurber himself, as we see clearly by the end of the book, not only admired Ross; he had a strong affection for him. But why he did I do not really know. He does, it is true, give examples of Ross's thoughtfulness, but if these anecdotes demonstrate that the man wasn't always a boor, they fail to convince me thoroughly that he was ever truly likable.

THERE is also the problem of the success of *The New Yorker*, which, after a bad beginning and some years of fumbling, became a cultural phenomenon and a financial miracle. Some people have felt that *The New Yorker* was a success in spite of Ross, and these people will find useful ammunition in Thurber's book. Yet Thurber himself stands squarely on the other side. He recognizes that credit for success must be divided among many individuals, but for him Ross is the central, the essential figure. I know Thurber believes this, but I still don't know why.

Thurber's pieces on Ross were highly praised as they appeared in *The Atlantic*, and I am sure the book will be praised too, but I am not altogether happy about it. I can't help feeling that, in addition to all the Rosses Thurber shows us, there must have been another Ross and that it was this Ross who edited *The New Yorker*. Ross, as time has proved, was not indispensable; the magazine has gone on, and in certain ways, to my taste it has grown better; but we have the testimony of many persons, Thurber among them, that in the critical years his role was decisive. From an early point in his career Ross was the kind of person about whom stories circulated, just such stories as Thurber has so deftly set forth, so that the man became a legend and a puzzle. In "The Years with Ross," Thurber has given the legend its definitive form, but he has left the puzzle unsolved.

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Plea for U.S. Policy of Power

"Germany and the East-West Crisis: The Decisive Challenge to American Policy," by William S. Schlamm *(McKay. 237 pp. $4), proposes that we seize the wheel in driving bargains with Moscow, and charts the steps necessary to avoid the destruction of NATO. The author's case is challenging—but arguable—asserts Frank Altschul, who is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

IT IS difficult in a brief review to do full justice to this profoundly disturbing book. William Schlamm writes with passion and conviction, and he has made a contribution to the discussion of the East-West crisis which should be avoided by all those who are reluctant to have some of their most cherished preconceptions questioned. For others, it is "must" reading regardless of whether in the end they find themselves in agreement with the details of his analysis or with his final conclusions. In any event, the thesis he advances is entitled to serious consideration.

The author has no illusions about the nature of the Communist challenge, the gravity of which he feels is still greatly underestimated in the Western world. He maintains that the defensive posture of the United States, and parenthetically of its principal allies, will not serve to check the gradual extension of Soviet power, and he is highly critical of statements emanating from the White House to the effect that "war is unthinkable," and that "we certainly are not going to fight a ground war in Europe." Such remarks, in his view, however casually made, cast doubt on the continuing validity of the NATO concept and create an atmosphere of confusion in regard to our purpose and our determination which immensely benefits our adversary.

We must seek, according to Mr. Schlamm, to seize the offensive from the Soviet Union. Rather than remaining in constant perplexity about the next move of Moscow, we must create a situation in which the Kremlin will never be quite certain what we are about to do. In particular, we must by our conduct make it clear and, above all, *believable* that, notwithstanding this all-pervasive fear of thermonuclear weapons, there are issues over which and circumstances under which we are prepared to accept the risk of war. Failing this, our foreign policy is doomed to prove an ineffectual instrument in the protection of our vital interests.

Because Mr. Schlamm considers the security of Western Europe essential to our own security and a strong Germany bound to us by unbreakable ties essential to the security of Western Europe, the bulk of his book is devoted to a discussion of the situation in Germany as it is today and as it is likely to evolve. Having spent a year or more there recently, he presents an eloquent and detailed report of his findings, leading to the conclusion that with the waning power of Adenauer there is little time left in which to forge the requisite ties.

Much may depend upon the way we meet the crisis that Khrushchev has precipitated over West Berlin. It is the chapter dealing with this which gives Mr. Schlamm's book unusual timeliness.

> The real—the only—intention of the Soviets [he writes] was from the very beginning to maneuver the Allies into recognizing the Ulbricht regime: the recognition of "the other Germany's" existence is the jimmy with which the Soviets can demolish the entire European structure. For this very reason the Soviet propaganda (invaluably helped by the coarse naïveté of the Western and, particularly, the German press) focused on the alleged Soviet demand that the Allies must withdraw their *troops* from West Berlin. But it does not make the slightest difference to the Soviets whether or not a few thousand isolated United States soldiers remain in West Berlin.

Having demolished most persuasively the myth of the "two Germanys," and having paid his respects to the Communist regime in East Germany as a Quisling government, which it obviously is, Mr. Schlamm argues that "to recognize the 'German Democratic Republic' in any fashion at all would not just be a moral but an eminently practical capitulation. An illegally occupied part of Germany would, with one stroke of surrender, be turned into a Communist fortification *inside* Germany." And he predicts that any such recognition would lead, with the inevitability of Greek tragedy, to the ultimate destruction of NATO.

On the supposition that we surmount the Berlin crisis without the sacrifice of principle or of position, Mr. Schlamm in his concluding chapter prescribes the manner in which he believes we should recapture the initiative. We should, first of all, negotiate "a peace treaty that acknowledges the Bonn government as the sovereign master of all Germany . . . and, having . . . recognized the unviolable sovereignty of Germany, the United States [should] immediately sign a bilateral pact of alliance with that Germany." This "would reverse the trend in Europe."

Mr. Schlamm's case rests on certain assumptions the validity of which is, to say the least, arguable. Because of the limitations of space, only one can be mentioned here: "The very heart of all Communist policies—and this, as I said before, the West has completely failed to comprehend—is their determination to *avoid* armed conflict." There is much in earlier Soviet writings to support this assumption. Whether it has continuing validity today is seriously questioned by some informed observers. And this, after all, is the nub of the matter.

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, one of this country's leading commentators on modern Germany, was born and educated in Vienna. In 1932, Schlamm, then twenty-eight, became editor of *Die Weltbuehne,* an anti-Nazi political weekly, published both in Vienna and Berlin. When the situation in Germany worsened, Schlamm came to the United States and went to work for *Fortune* magazine as an editor and assistant to Henry Luce. He returned often to Germany during the Forties on foreign correspondent assignments. During the past year Schlamm lived in Germany, completing the research for his new book.

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New Concepts of an Old Enemy

"The Death and Life of Germany," by Eugene Davidson *(Knopf. 422 pp. $5.75), and* ***"Germany and World Politics in the Twentieth Century," by Ludwig Dehio;*** *translated by Dieter Pevsner (Knopf. 141 pp. $4), are complementary studies. The first details the incredible political conversion of a former enemy; the second scrutinizes the impulses that motivate Germany. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, a syndicated columnist on world affairs, the North American editor of* Western World *magazine, is the author of "A Good Time to Be Alive."*

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

IN JANUARY 1946 this reviewer returned to Berlin for the first time since September 1933, when he had been expelled by Adolf Hitler for publishing a book called "Germany Puts the Clock Back." Before that he had lived continuously for almost ten years in the Fatherland. Ten years are a long time in the life of anybody, particularly in that of a newspaper correspondent. So it was with considerable excitement and mixed emotions that he returned.

Nazism had been an abominable thing. Nazi leaders had swept the Germans along into acts of unspeakable inhumanity. And yet life in Germany under the Weimar Republic had been rather wonderful: the Germans, in all fields but politics, had been not only stimulating (if a little mad) but amazingly agreeable. Their magnificent qualities were as striking as their defects.

He found ruin, unimaginable even to one accustomed to war's massive devastation. Facing the tottering facade of his one-time house in the Haendelstrasse in Berlin, behind him the once lovely Tiergarten reduced to a shambles, before him hundreds of acres of rubble stretching across to the River Spree, he found himself muttering over and over: "They asked for it and they got it! But how awful!" For quite literally the once neat, orderly, and industrially humming German cities had been reduced to a gigantic wasteland amid whose scattered ruins millions groped for salvage and food.

Thirteen years later, the visitor to West Germany (East Germany is still half-slum) finds a sovereign, highly prosperous, largely West-oriented people, under a going democracy blemished but in no sense colored by the presence of far too many ex-Nazis and unregenerate nationalists.

How could this come about so quickly? That is the subject of "The Death and Life of Germany." Beginning with the Allies' determination this time to prevent another Hitler by keeping Germany down forever, and the fantastic American decision to "trust Stalin," the author traces the slow modification through those eventful years in masterly fashion. In fact, as the impartial chronicle it sets out to be, this book is nearly perfect. At every page the reviewer found himself saying, "That is exactly how it was."

In addition, the book is smoothly written and quietly dramatic, fascinating from end to end. For here are all the steps of a complete and fantastic political conversion. During this period the despised Germans of 1945 became almost the most trusted American ally. (To be sure, it was far easier for intact America to accept this change than for German-battered Britain or German-brutalized Netherlands, France, and Belgium.) A reviewer regrets the lack of space in which to trace the moments of Germany's "death" and "rebirth" and to reproduce the many striking and brilliant passages he notes in reading. Here is the authentic and conceivably definitive account of something almost unique.

If it has any defect, it is perhaps that it is too mild and "well balanced." One example will show what I mean. At the end, in explaining the American shift, Mr. Davidson writes:

> Had it not been for the Russians . . . the change in American policy would certainly have taken longer but it would have come because the Americans ultimately demanded nothing of Germany but to join the good life of the West and to recite some political beatitudes.

Not quite. The cause of the change was undoubtedly Soviet perfidy and aggression. But after the disappointment of Versailles in 1919, Washington wisely followed Machiavelli's unassailable wisdom: treat a powerful beaten enemy so severely that he can never fight again—or so generously that he can be reconciled. Once the Soviets demonstrated their unshakable hostility the United States wisely sought to rehabilitate the Germans as quickly as possible and get them on our side. Letting the guilty Germans off was a risk but that had to be taken. For a new Soviet-German combination was a nightmare.

Reconciliation with Germany was not so much American good nature as essential politics—once the Germans proved themselves willing. Mr. Davidson glosses this over too much.

A pity too that the author did not concern himself with the relatively recent campaign for purchasing Soviet favor by offering to create a reunited but neutral and disarmed Germany. For any such bargain (apparently desired by the ever-myopic German Socialists) could be a major disaster for the West.

The reason becomes apparent in the admirable little volume by Professor Ludwig Dehio.

Historian Dehio, a pupil of the great Ranke, spells out in detail what few foreigners have grasped—that Germany's two attacks upon the West were the result of a deliberate policy, nourished by great "democratic" historians like Hans Delbrueck as well as by the pan-Germanists, of delib-

EUGENE DAVIDSON spent most of his life, until recently, on the Yale campus. After his graduation in 1927 he stayed on as an editor at the Yale University Press, becoming a member of the board of governors in 1938. After World War II, Davidson visited Germany. His interest in the American occupation led him to return many times to gather material for a study of the postwar period. He examined documents and he interviewed hundreds of people—from high officials to the man in the street. Now retired from the Yale Press, Davidson is back in Germany, already at work on another study of the political scene. In his search for information Davidson may well have met **LUDWIG DEHIO,** who for many years directed Berlin's State Secret Archives. Dehio, son of famed art historian Georg Dehio, was born in Prussia in 1888. Through the Second World War Dehio was one of Germany's most important historians and archivists. After the war he went to the University of Marburg to teach medieval and modern history and to write a book about world power, "Balance and Hegemony."

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erately replacing Britain as the dominant European and world power. Convinced of their "superiority," even fairly normal Germans considered that Germany had a right to claim its (very large) "place in the sun," even at cost of two wars.

The result, in both cases, was disastrous because the Germans a) underestimated the easygoing British and b) failed to note that with the growth of the United States and Japan the European power system had merged into a "world system" which Europe could no longer control.

Postwar Germans, minus a few Socialists, are ready to settle for "equality" within the superior and more civilized Western camp, thus ending centuries of oscillation. But woe to the West if it should now repudiate or discriminate against the West Germany it has already "married." Professor Dehio does not describe the consequences but his well-written study points unmistakably to this conclusion. For Germany is restless and potentially powerful. I hope that all Americans concerned with saving the West will also read his book.

Moscow and the Moslem World

"The Soviet Union and the Middle East," by Walter Z. Laqueur *(Praeger. 366 pp. $6), traces the evolution and dilution of the Communist program in the Arab states. William Sands, our critic, is editor of* The Middle East Journal.

By William Sands

THE evolution of Soviet attitudes toward the Middle East and the response of Middle Easterners to Communism and the Soviet Union are the subject of this illuminating study. Somewhat more than half the book is devoted to "The Soviet Image of the Middle East" and traces the development of Russian theory concerning revolution in the East in general, and specifically in the Arab world. It is not possible here to enumerate the shifts in line (and personnel) but Mr. Laqueur has done a superb job of extracting the essentials from the theoretical literature since the Bolshevik revolution. The major point is that theory has come full circle, back to the time of Lenin, when it was assumed that revolution in the East need not, and would not, follow the pattern of the Western world. The "thaw" after the death of Stalin and the Twentieth Party Congress made it possible to accept "bourgeois revolutions" as "progressive" in character, and to re-evaluate the potentialities and conditions of a "revolutionary situation."

The concatenation of this trend with the searching spirit of Arab nationalism—plus, of course, the example of economic development furnished by the USSR—was certainly one of those points from which far-reaching circumstances develop—many of them as yet unforeseeable. Russian theorists and Arab Communists have accommodated to Arab nationalism by diluting their demands for a full Communist program, by forgoing "Zhdanovism," by remaining silent about that with which they disagree. The question remains as to how far the program can be diluted and remain "Communist." Evidently factions on top of the heap think that, in the long haul, the degree of dilution permissible is considerable because the end is inevitable.

If the first long essay of Mr. Laqueur's book is excellent for this perspective it furnishes, the latter part suffers from precisely the lack of the same. In the main body of this portion of the book, "The Great Breakthrough" (1954-1958), the author brings the events and trends of Russian influence in the Arab countries, roughly, down through the middle of 1958. In a "Conclusion" he notes the Iraqi revolution and increasing Communist influence in the new republican government—approximately to the end of 1958. Then, in an appendix, he brings the chronology into the first months of 1959, with a description of the growing conflict between Gamal Abdel Nasser on one hand and the Iraqis and Communists on the other. The process, of course, has gone further since the book went to press. At one point, Mr. Laqueur reminds us that "the authoritative views of 1959 are subject to modification and change. . . ." He is speaking of Communist theory on national revolutions, but the caveat is useful for all who attempt, or would like, to categorize rigidly in a period and an area of tumultuous change.

In most places the author has buttressed his positions with impressive documentation from the source material. But when he states that "the general intellectual climate [of Arab countries after 1954 and before the most recent events] became palpably pro-Soviet and even pro-Communist," the proposition seems to this reviewer undemonstrable. On the contrary, the consensus of those who determined the general intellectual climate of the Arab world in those years was a clear differentiation—at least to their own satisfaction—between being "pro-Soviet," which they were, and "pro-Communist," which they weren't.

Put-Out

By Charles Philbrick

BY TWO of the ten thick thumbs
Of a hoarse-mouthed, implacable fan
In the stands at an underattended
Ladies' Day game between teams
Both deep in the second division,
At dusk in the extra fool innings
Just as the light-banks were loath
To go on, the peanut was clutched;

Just then, as the fan in the wrinkled pants
Looked up to follow the arc of a fly-out—
The pellet that mooned it a moment and sank
Into the sweat-leathered palm of a pro from
Ineffable, Arkansas, clean off the bat of
A youth from Ontology, Texas,—just then

The peanut-rind gave, as the boob and the goober came blind
To this breaking of shell, whose brief smoke shapes a question:
Could soul be a peanut, a god be all thumbs? And could body
Be husk, a dry hoax, as here in this late-season rooting?

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Alone, He Heard Children Laughing

***"Kenneth Grahame: A Biography," by Peter Green** (World. 400 pp. $6), demonstrates the literary achievement possible when there is perfect rapport between an author and his subject. "It is a deeply satisfying book," says Walter Teller, himself the biographer of Captain Joshua Slocum.*

By Walter Teller

AS HEAD of one man's literary investment department, I am going long on Peter Green's book about Kenneth ("The Wind in the Willows") Grahame (1859-1932) and taking a no-hedge position, because I think it a fine and brilliant performance with immediate prospects and an important future. A fascinating account of the literary-social scene in England at the turn of the century, as well as a strange and movingly told life story, it is certainly one of the better things to show up in many a day; and it could prove out a permanent addition to biographical works which are also works of art.

When you think about it you realize that in English-American literary business, biography is the weakest branch. Amidst the wealth of English language literature there are, in fact, very few great biographies. Of all those written between publication of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" (1791) and Strachey's "Queen Victoria" (1921) almost none can now be read with pleasure. There are, of course, reasons for this but one cannot go into them here. It is only necessary to understand what the reality has been. So the art of biography is probably only beginning. Recent years have produced some excellent work: "The Quest for Corvo," "The Portrait of Zélide," "Flaubert and Madame Bovary," to name a few of my favorites.

Now comes Peter Green with one he calls simply "Kenneth Grahame: A Biography." Green is a young Englishman, born in 1924, who won a doctoral degree at Cambridge with a thesis on Roman magic. He is, as he well demonstrates, a scholar—but scholar with a difference: he can write. He is novelist, travel writer, and reviewer. So when he decided to reconstruct Kenneth Grahame he was able to move first-rate equipment to the job.

Most satisfactory perhaps of all, he had the sure instinct for picking the suitable task. The dust jacket says that Green had wanted to write about Grahame since his childhood. I believe that statement because this book has the kind of passion, sympathy, delicacy, and rightness of relationship between biographer and subject which to me is wholly convincing.

"The Wind in the Willows" was published in 1908. Since that time, according to Mr. Green, it has attained more than 100 editions and an average annual sale of 80,000 copies. Mr. Green says it is a classic, and indeed it is—on the basis of payoff at the least. But there is more to it. You find it an unforgettable book to read to your children when they are young and you yourself are barely thirty. And you might find it not only fun but affecting to read again, and this time not in innocence but with knowledge and understanding (thanks to the biographer) of the human cost of writing a children's classic, and how the artist's shaping imagination processes the raw materials of his existence. This is what you get, over and beyond the life and times, from a biographer who himself is involved in the creative mood. Green sees a threefold inner purpose motivating Grahame: "to satirize contemporary society, to sublimate his personal fears, and to construct an ideal model of the Good Life."

LIKE most writers of children's books, especially late-nineteenth-century writers, Grahame was, at bottom, forlorn. Scot by birth, and third of four children, he arrived early enough to remember a rural England, and to see what happened when factories and railroads came to the countryside. He was five when his mother died. Two years later his father went abroad and never saw his children again. Relatives raised them.

Green writes, "Not once in all his published work does Kenneth Grahame mention either his mother or his father; yet their absence can be felt in nearly everything he wrote."

Such was the beginning of a lifelong pilgrimage in search of something he could not seem to find yet which, as Green suggests, he probably did discover and never knew it. The man who wanted to become an Oxford don and instead was apprenticed to the Bank of England, who rose to one of its three highest posts only to resign unhonored a few years later; who was to the bachelor manner born, yet at forty entered on a misery-making marriage, and who, bedtime hour after bedtime hour, composed "The Wind in the Willows" for his only child—a handicapped, unhappy boy who at age twenty suicided—this is the main line of Peter Green's story.

But there are also delightful side-trips: a wonderful essay on the Pan cult of Grahame's day, and another on the nonsense writers. It is a deeply satisfying book.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

KIN WITHOUT KITH

Here is a group of dissyllables and trisyllables, largely nouns, all of which end in -kin. Katherine A. Paulsen of Vancouver, Washington, asks you to assign correct definitions, which are based on the Oxford English Dictionary. Answers on page 31.

1. bumpkin ( ) small can or drinking vessel
2. buskin ( ) small cucumber
3. cannikin ( ) dainty, overfastidious
4. finikin ( ) term of endearment for little girl or woman
5. firkin ( ) covering for leg or foot; a half-boot
6. gherkin ( ) cheese, egg, crumbs, etc., baked in a special dish
7. jerkin ( ) cask holding up to 16-18 gallons or quantity it contains
8. kilderkin ( ) awkward fellow; lout
9. manikin ( ) small cask for fish, liquids, or butter
10. minikin ( ) small earthenware pan
11. pipkin ( ) close fitting jacket, often of leather
12. ramekin ( ) little man; pigmy, or dwarf

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Through His Window Flew His Fame

"The Life of Sir Alexander Fleming, The Discoverer of Penicillin," by André Maurois *(Dutton. 292 pp. $5), traces a legend back to a mold that was exuding "something." Ritchie Calder, C.B.E., former science editor of the London* News Chronicle, *is the author of "Medicine and Man."*

By Ritchie Calder

THE LAST years of Sir Alexander Fleming's life were triumphal. Wherever he went ordinary people loaded him with garlands of gratitude as the discoverer of penicillin. When he died he was buried among the immortals in St. Paul's Cathedral. Yet the fact remains that he only shared the Nobel Prize; the other two-thirds went to Sir Howard Florey and Dr. Ernest Chain. Why was scientific recognition more grudging than popular acclaim?

Naturally, André Maurois, who wrote this biography of Fleming at the request of the widow, has confirmed the public image. From the moment the farm boy leaves his Ayrshire hills to find a job in London as a shipping clerk, he is the Man of Destiny treading the road to The Great Discovery. Nevertheless, because Maurois is such a conscientious writer, the facts are all there.

Stripped down to the chassis, the story of penicillin was this: In 1928 Fleming made an important laboratory observation. He was examining a glass dish containing a colony of germs that he was breeding. The cover had been left off and a piece of mold had drifted in through his window, near Paddington Station. It had grown on the nutrients on which the germs themselves were feeding. But around the piece of fluff was a clear ring in which no germs were growing. Fleming decided that the mold was exuding "something" which was inhibiting the growth of germs.

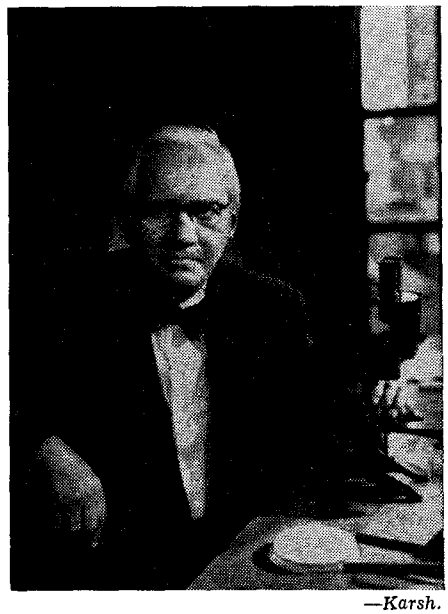
In 1929 he called the "something" penicillin in a scientific journal in which he demonstrated its value as a means of selectively killing germs and leaving, in this instance, the *Pfeiffer Bacillus,* which was resistant to it. He believed that it could have useful clinical properties. He cultivated the mold and used "broths" of the substance but, because he was a bacteriologist and not a chemist, he could not extract the specific factor. As he himself wrote sixteen years later, "I had failed to advance further for want of adequate chemical help."

In 1940 he read in the *Lancet* an account, under the names of Florey, Chain, and Heatley, of how they had produced a concentrate of penicillin and had achieved surprising results in saving lethally infected mice. Fleming went to Oxford to discuss it, and Chain—who had chanced upon Sir Alexander's original paper in the Radcliffe Library and, as a biochemist, had followed it up—was surprised to meet Fleming in the flesh. He thought he was dead!

In 1942 penicillin was used for the first time. A personal friend of Fleming's was dying of meningitis in St. Mary's Hospital, and he appealed to Florey, who gave him every speck of penicillin that then existed. A month later the friend walked out, cured.

That is the framework on which legends can be built. Fleming himself kept a scrapbook which he called "The Fleming Myth"; moreover his biographer has scrupulously tried to escape the "myth." But despite the ample credit given to the "supporting cast," Fleming, of course, retains the laurels.

Why did penicillin have to be rediscovered after ten years? One can see it all in the book. The scientific "climate," both general and local, was against Fleming at the outset. Although Ehrlich twenty years before had demonstrated, with salvarsan for syphilis, that germs could be chemically attacked *within* the living body, medical thinking had not advanced along these lines, and it was not until the spectacular success of the sulfa drugs in the middle Thirties that the climate changed.



—*Karsh.*

Sir Alexander Fleming — "His apostasy was penicillin."

The local "climate" from which Fleming suffered was created by Sir Almroth Wright, to whom Fleming had devoted his professional life. Wright was the original of Shaw's "Sir Colenso Ridgeon" in "The Doctor's Dilemma." He was a formidable character. He believed that immunization—the injection of vaccines—was the answer to diseases. He bludgeoned his staff with his beliefs.

One of the most revealing and near-tragic passages in the book is the description of Fleming's return to Wright's Institute from Buckingham Palace after being knighted for his part in the discovery of penicillin. "Sir Colenso Ridgeon" was dominating the party.

> Deliberately turning his back on Fleming, Wright launched out into a tremendous discourse on the merits of immunization, and the demerits of chemotherapy, which, he declared, was a heresy bristling with danger for all genuine medical research.
>
> Dr. Hughes, who was sitting opposite Fleming, expected to see some sign of amusement or anger on his face. But it remained completely impassive. Finally the Old Man had to stop talking from sheer lack of breath. Craxton, the secretary of the Institute, thinking to ease the tension, asked Sir Almroth to decide a few administrative questions. The answer came like a thunderclap: "Don't bother me with such trivial things! *Doctor* Fleming will deal with them!"
>
> Professor Sir Alexander Fleming held out his hand for the papers, got up and left the table without a word.

For forty years Fleming had worked with, or rather for, Wright. His apostasy was penicillin.

It is this kind of insight which makes Maurois's book fascinating not only for the general reader, who will find it flawless literature, but for those who want the scientific case history of a great discovery.

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—From the book.

Portrait by Leonid Pasternak of his sons, Boris and Alexander.

Living Monument to Immortal Art

"Pasternak: A Pictorial Biography," by Gerd Ruge *(McGraw-Hill. 143 pp. $5), reveals yet more prisms of the great Russian poet. Our critic—the author of "Eastern Exposure," Marvin L. Kalb—is a reporter and specialist on Soviet affairs at CBS News.*

By Marvin L. Kalb

ONE cold day in the Moscow winter of 1910, Boris Pasternak, aged nineteen, a student of neo-Kantian philosophy and a disciple of Scriabin, enraptured a rather bohemian collection of painters, poets, and pragmatists with a passionate defense of his favorite subject—the immortality of art. That night, when Pasternak returned home—the ringing cheers of his friends still echoing in his inner ear—he learned that one of his father's closest friends had just died. The friend was Leo Tolstoy.

Both father and son quickly set off for Astapovo, a tiny town not too far from Moscow, to pay their last respects. When they arrived at the small station house, where Tolstoy's body lay on a crude bed, a message awaited them: "You must realize," it read, "that all will pass: money, large estates, even kingdoms are doomed to vanish, but if there is only one grain of true art in our work, it will live forever."

These words, coming on that day, must have struck him as providential proof that he was right—that no mundane force, such as social transformation, revolution, or money could possibly denigrate "true art," because true art *is* immortal.

This conviction emerges as the pulsebeat of Gerd Ruge's "Pasternak: A Pictorial Biography"—a wonderfully readable and beautifully illustrated biography of the poet-novelist whose genius burst out of the suburban quiet of Peredelniko as a stunning symbol that Russia still has a soul. Mr. Ruge—a West German radio and television reporter whose beat is Moscow—understands the value of pictures in telling a story: Rosa Kaufman Pasternak, her gray hair pulled back in a neat bun; Leonid Pasternak, tall and severe, a paint brush delicately balanced on his right hand; Boris, the proud and sensitive student, his head defiantly cocked; Gysselbergstrasse, in Marburg, Germany, where Pasternak lived while studying philosophy under Professor Hermann Cohen; and Lenin, Trotsky, Gorky, Blok, Yesenin, Mayakovsky—paintings or pictures of them all, graphically backgrounding one of the most fascinating lives of our time.

Pasternak was born in Moscow in 1890—the first of four children. His mother—the Odessa-born daughter of a wealthy Jewish businessman—was an accomplished pianist, and his father—also Odessa-born, also Jewish—was one of Russia's leading painters. Their home was cultured, refined, hospitable—an enchanted haven of art and music. Pasternak spoke German before he was ten, and his early years were jampacked with the memories of Rachmaninoff, Rubenstein, Scriabin, and Tolstoy. "He learned more," Mr. Ruge says, "from his family's close circle of friends than from his formal education."

After an unhappy love affair, Pasternak gave up philosophy for poetry, soaked up the artistic treasures of Italy, and soon published his first book of poems. When the First World War broke out, he, like one of his later heroes (Zhivago), went to Uchkov, a small factory village in the Urals, where he worked for three years as the manager of a chemical plant.

In 1917, as Russia and the world were convulsed in war and revolution, Pasternak went to Petersburg and published "The Childhood of Luvers," an unusual novel, seemingly without beginning or end, about a young girl who reaches puberty. His poet friends, hot with the fever of revolution, were shocked. Pasternak explained: "In an epoch of speed, one must think slowly."

In the ensuing decades Pasternak has always appeared as a stranger to violence, a lonely genius whose temperament scorns politics and worships art. When Stalin's restrictive measures reached maniacal proportions, Pasternak simply stopped writing. On occasion he punctured this silence with brilliant translations of Shakespeare and Goethe. Finally, after the Second World War, when the globe breathed a deep sigh of relief and man's hopes soared to new heights, Pasternak hesitantly followed his muse to his work bench and wrote "Doctor Zhivago." The rest is history.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 832

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 832 will be found in the next issue.

MNOPQRP OSMTXPQO

ZABP; XTPOPQRP

OCTPQDCSPQO EC.

—KGZZPT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 831

The triumph of hope over experience.

—JOHNSON, in comment on a hasty second marriage.

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FICTION

Big Books on the Bonn Side

Via Three Different Lanes, Germany's Postwar Novelists Concern Themselves with Humanity

By KAY BOYLE, *who lived in Germany during the postwar period. The author of the forthcoming novel "Generation Without Farewell," Miss Boyle is at work on a history of Germany.*

POSTWAR German fiction may be said to fall into three very different categories. In the order of popularity, there are, first, the numerous weighty novels dealing with the battle of Stalingrad (of which Theodor Plievier's "Stalingrad" is by far the finest and Willi Heinrich's "The Cross of Iron" the most sensational); in second place come the lively, factually-informed, and intelligent satires of time-revered German custom, in particular the Germany military tradition. And, third, breathing laboriously as they come, are the philosophic novels, in which the aristocratic dispossessed flounder in a murk of German myth and German sentimentality.

The greatest military disaster in German history was the annihilation of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad, and any story which unfolds against the horror of that background cannot fail to hold the attention and sicken the heart. Heinrich Gerlach's **"The Forsaken Army"** (Harper, $3.95), is no exception. But coming as it does to the English-reading public a dozen or so years after Plievier's masterpiece, and a number of years after other fictionized accounts, it seems but a repetition of a harrowing story we have read before. Indeed, so similar are the incidents that there are moments when one wonders if Plievier and Gerlach did not share the same bunkers on those fateful days in November 1942 when the Russians counter-attacked from two directions, and the flaming pincers closed slowly on 270,000 men. In an identical cellar Gerlach's and Plievier's grievously wounded, abandoned soldiers listen to Goering's ringing tenor coming across the air waves from Berlin.

In both books the same despairing men shout to the unheeding wastes of ice and snow: "We have been written off!" In both the same voices cry out in anguish: "Turn it off! Turn it off!" While one of the wounded in Plievier's corner of the cellar "screams out his soul for help" and dies, blue-faced, foam on his lips, in Gerlach's corner a man leaps to his feet and smashes the radio with a hatchet. The similarities are perhaps inevitable. Beyond them, the vision of the two authors is not the same. Gerlach's Padre Peters may be one and the same as Plievier's Chaplain Kalser, but in "The Forsaken Army" he is merely another name, while in "Stalingrad" we partake of the chaplain's illuminated spirit as we kneel in grief with him by each man dying in the snow. Gerlach's book, for all the pain and conscientiousness of this record of human suffering, is limited to a condemnation of a leader who failed the German people (for it required the military fiasco at Stalingrad to destroy Hitler's prestige in Germany as no contest of ideologies had been able to do); while Plievier's "Stalingrad" remains a grave and enduring exhortation to us all.

It is an unhappy thing for Germany that Theodor Plievier is dead, for writers of his vision are needed not only in Germany, but throughout the world today. The hour on which his book closes is described by the author as "an extraordinary one," in which a general and a common soldier, now merely two men, speak together of what "values could arise out of the defeat." In contrast, the final entry in Gerlach's more recent account narrows his message to a remark that Hitler made in the spring of 1943, when the first letters from Stalingrad prisoners of war began to come through. Looking up from his plate at a luncheon with his chiefs of staff, only a few short months after the annihilation of 142,000 men, Hitler reportedly said, "The duty of the men of Stalingrad is to be dead."

Among the authors in the second category of contemporary German fiction, Hans Hellmut Kirst is the toughest, the wittiest, and the most adept. **"The Seventh Day"** (Doubleday, $4.95), is a fast-moving, plausible story of the last days of Europe as, bomb by bomb, all life on the continent is wiped out by atomic war. The incidents, which give us in detail and suspense the lives, the hopes, the loves, of first one and then the other of the nine or ten main characters, are flashed out in bits and pieces, and the effect is as disquieting as if the author were tapping it out in warning as he ran. The translation, too, is all too frequently disturbing.

The central figure in "The Seventh Day" is a German philologist, Dr. Michael Reiners, a gentle, dedicated diplomat, the ideal modern man of liberal faith. He is "reputed to be the unofficial adviser of the Bonn Government," and he is instrumental, just before the end, in the forming of a Provisional All-German Government, a third German Force, for the sake of peace in Europe, and the sake of world peace; or, as Dr. Reiners himself adds, "Perhaps merely in order to continue to exist as human beings." But it is already far too late, and all that transpires is convincing beyond fantasy. It is precisely like this, one suspects, by accident, stupidity, sloth, that the end of all humanity may come about.

Kirst's characters, which include an American journalist known merely as Charley, have the same solid, if transient, reality as fellow-passengers observed during a brief plane trip. Dr. Reiners, Charley, and a pair of young lovers, remain wholly sympathetic figures throughout this very readable tale. They, and the other men and women whom passion, sentiment, or friendship, have brought together, lend every radio broadcast, every summit conference, every diplomatic maneuver, every military blunder, a personal and impelling immediacy. Kirst is moving so fast that he rarely has time to stop and make a profound statement, but just before the holocaust, one of his characters says:

> There was once a nation possessing, as was thought, a high degree of culture, that prided itself on being a people of poets and thinkers—well, the people of this nation destroyed at least six and a half million Jews by starvation, burning, gassing, and other kinds of massacre. And scarcely ten years later all this was as good as forgotten and especially among those who, directly or indirectly, took part in it. That is something that God cannot suffer. Perhaps all this is our punishment for that.

The late Ernst Wiechert's novel, **"Tidings"** (Macmillan, $4.50), is, by contrast, so weighted with profound utterances that it never manages to get off the ground. It has been said of Wiechert, who visited the

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United States as a lecturer in 1949, that in his opposition to Nazism he became "the conscience of his people." The central character in "Tidings," Baron Amadeus von Liljecrons, is clearly intended by the author to represent a portion of the national conscience. At the close of hostilities the baron returns from concentration camp to his estate and finds the old *Schloss* occupied by the Americans. Wiechert himself spent five months, in 1938, in Buchenwald, and the baron's difficulties in adjusting to a life of freedom in a shepherd's hut are doubtless to some degree akin to Wiechert's own pain, loneliness, and tempered despair.

But the ruined world to which baron and author return is a world peopled with ghosts, a feudal world in which old retainers still bend the knee, and, when danger threatens, lie down to sleep across the threshold to keep the *Freiherrn* from harm. The story moves with difficulty through the German twilight, where "horror lurks at the fringe of each hour," and a dog's coat turns damp at the sight of an eclipse of the sun. In fact, the flesh of every character in the book seems slightly clammy, and one looks toward the *Schloss* from time to time in the hope that something else may eventually emerge from there. But the Americans play only the smallest of parts in this somber drama, remaining forever alien to the crepuscular damp.

In 1947, in an address Ernst Wiechert made in Switzerland three years before his death, he said:

> And even though I now come to you like a prodigal son, dear friends, ready to bear my share of the guilt, yet I do not wish to speak about guilt and atonement here, because more than enough is being spoken about it in the world, and because it could easily happen that the whole world would try to throw the guilt of humanity upon a single people so as to get rid of its own share.

But all three of these novels are antimilitarist books, and each, in its own way, bespeaks the author's concern with the fate of humanity. It is perhaps enough that such books are in popular demand in Germany. And yet one grieves in every season for Theodor Plievier and Wolfgang Borchert ("The Man Outside," 1952); grieves that the Protestant pastor Albrecht Goes has not given us another book ("The Burnt Offering," 1956). One grieves, too, for those who might have taken their place in the great literary tradition, who lie dead among the hundreds of thousands of other Germans on Russian soil.

—"Throne of the Venus of Ludovisi" from "The Art of Two Worlds" (Praeger).

Love Makes Their World Go Round

I. The Other Man

"The Hill Is Level," by Leonore Marshall *(Random House. 499 pp. $4.95), is a leisurely, three-generation novel about the loves and loyalties of a New England family. David Dempsey, who is the author of "All That Was Mortal," reviews it.*

By David Dempsey

WHAT would happen if a woman like Anna Karenina decided to stay with her husband and children rather than run off with a lover? And what would happen if this woman's daughter, in her own time, was faced with the same decision? By compounding this theme unto the second generation, Mrs. Marshall has not improved on Tolstoy, but she has made a uniquely determined, and sometimes impressive, effort to extenuate the value of loyalty over love in marriage. Very possibly, however, this is not the sort of novel that should be reviewed by a man. The author is an intensely feminine writer who is at great pains to turn her fictional husbands into failures or scoundrels, while her wives remain examples of long-suffering virtue.

Abigail Arlington, who links a New England past with a New York present, grows up in a small New Hampshire town watching her parents drift further and further apart; at last her tutor, Lacey Wicks, supplants the husband in her mother's affections. They become lovers until the father's death enables them to marry. The situation is repeated a generation later when Abigail marries a childhood playmate who is not only a business failure but a rotter to boot. She also takes a lover but in the showdown sticks with home and husband, and has the worst of both worlds.

I am not sure what Mrs. Marshall intends by this. Some rather high-minded passages at the end of the book would indicate that in her view it is better to have loved and suffered than never to have loved at all. It is the traditional New England conscience that speaks—a conscience filled with wisdom and humanity in the person of the superbly-drawn grandfather, old Adam Arlington, but transmitted neurotically and with almost tragic results to succeeding generations.

THE author is at her best in describing the interdependence of the Arlington family during the early 1900s. This half of the book is virtually a novel of locale; the day-by-day life of an isolated New Hampshire town is meticulously and lovingly re-created, and is correspondingly convincing.

With the later period of the 1920s and Thirties, the author is less suc-

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cessful; largely, I think, because her somewhat old-fashioned style is better suited to the earlier era of leisure and contemplation. When the scene shifts to New York City, and a much more sophisticated storyline is developed, the characters find themselves in predestined roles that are somewhat arbitrary and, in this reviewer's opinion, even stagey.

But the major defect of this sincerely thought-out novel is simply that it is too long. Mrs. Marshall is an extraordinarily sensitive writer (she has a poet's love of the connotative word) but she is inclined to smother her characters in a cocoon of sensitivity. Valid people, they cry out for release from a fate imposed by moral inheritance; and they cry out, more than once, for escape from the blanket of words in which their creator has wrapped them.

II. The Betrayers

"The Third Choice," by Elizabeth Janeway *(Doubleday. 333 pp. $3.95), tells of two women, one young and the other old, whose lives were strongly affected by the men they knew. Martha Bacon is a literary critic and a frequent contributor to the* Saturday Review.

By Martha Bacon

"OH, IT is only a novel!" cries a young lady in "Northanger Abbey." It is one of those prose works "of a certain extent," one of those "performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them." "The Third Choice" is a novel about women and their concerns in which, to quote Jane Austen again, "the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties . . . are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language."

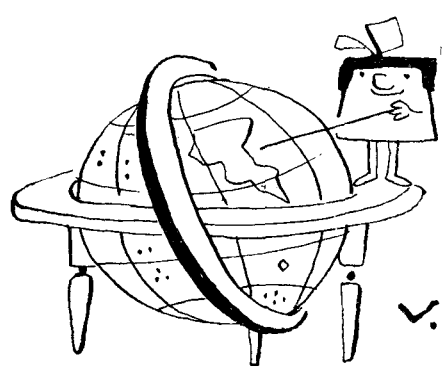
"The Third Choice" has two heroines: the elderly Diana Belchamber and Lorraine de Koning, still young, torn between an unhappy marriage and a joyous but insoluble love affair. Mrs. Janeway, who allows Mrs. Belchamber to tell her own story through her diary, relates Mrs. de Koning's for her. Both women are fully realized; they are superior without being extraordinary. They speak as people generally do—in the troubled, hackneyed, incomplete phrases of ordinary conversation, frequently failing to say exactly what they mean.

Mrs. Belchamber's apologia is a long one and riddled with personal tragedy. She married young and well only to betray a good husband for a bad lover. In 1914 Mrs. Belchamber sees her life fall in fragments about her, largely by her own act. Through her husband's generosity she reassembles herself and returns to him, giving up the child that she has had by her lover. Nevertheless her life is full and even happy. She has another child; she is rich and of the world. The severity of her ultimate punishment is questionable. Many people have committed adultery and have given up a child without suffering such disastrous consequences as those reserved by Mrs. Janeway for the wayward Diana. However, the nemesis that overtakes Mrs. Belchamber's illegitimate daughter is possible; whether or not it is artistically necessary is debatable.

Lorraine de Koning, Mrs. Belchamber's niece pursues a course that runs concurrently with that of her aunt's, but the two stories are not parallel. Lorraine is at once intelligent, sensitive, and capable of seeing beyond her own greed and desire. Her husband is a tyrant and her lover is close to being a lout—an honest lout. Like other tyrants and louts, however, they are human: they can suffer and rage and act. Lorraine has a difficult choice ahead of her because neither man is negligible. The choice for both women is the third one, although they make it in different ways for different reasons.

Although the men in "The Third Choice" are seen at one remove through the eyes of the women who love and hate them, who betray them and who are in their turn betrayed, they are also the work of Mrs. Janeway's pen and there is nothing clumsy or blurred in their portraiture.

Some novelists distort, illuminate, and intensify like painters; others report with meticulous accuracy, focusing like a camera on scene and character, catching objects in motion at the hundredth of a second. They click the shutter at the revelatory instant to preserve the image that they have conceived. Mrs. Janeway belongs to the second group. Hers is the art and skill of the creative photographer, and "The Third Choice" is a memorable contribution to the genre.



III. The Futile

"Among Women Only," by Cesare Pavese; *translated by D. D. Paige (Noonday. 198 pp. $1.25), combines realism and philosophy in this modern Italian novel about an idle female society. Keith Botsford, a novelist and teacher of comparative literature, is now at the University of Puerto Rico.*

By Keith Botsford

"LOVERS didn't make the world," says Clelia Oitana, the narrator of "Among Women Only," "One day at a time is enough. Let's get through today." And Momina, the Dark Angel of the novel, tormenting the young Rosetta for her failure in her first attempt at suicide, says, "There's nothing one can take away from life. It's already zero."

"Nothing one can take away from life"? The fictional technique of Cesare Pavese, by far the most original Italian novelist of the last two decades, is just that "taking away." His books are not enrichments of life; they come from the most painful kinds of discarding. From the novel form Pavese tore away all exterior excitements; from human behavior, all romance. His was the despair of the day-to-day in all its emptiness. In 1950 Pavese, unable, as his diaries show, to bear his own merciless analyses, killed himself. Life became "zero."

The story of "Among Women Only" is unrelievedly simple. It is a story of the women of Turin, both the rich and the bohemian—idle women, who, unable to love or respect life, permit those who do to destroy themselves.

Obviously, political comment in Pavese's novels is never far from the surface. The society he depicts is idle and corrupt, and because Pavese studies human experience at its most intense moments, frequently carrying these into the domain of psychological abnormality (incest and suicide are his particular concerns), the moral comment is ineluctably linked to the political.

In style and technique Pavese combines the violence of Babel with the subtle tensions of Colette; but it is not for these gifts that he deserves a wide audience. He should be read because he is a profoundly original artist: original in his methods, in his view of his own society, which had emerged from the war so deeply disappointed in its expectations, and almost unique in the way he grafted moral and political intensities onto the traditional psychological novel.

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Saturday Review

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On a Moment of Triumph

WHAT is the moment of triumph for the author? Is it the accolade of the critics? Not necessarily. The favorable response of one's peers is a satisfying, certainly highly rewarding event; but it is not the grand moment in the life of the writer.

Is it publication day—an occasion strewn with the crisp tokens of completion? No, not quite. It is a moment of relief, but really not one of triumph. It is difficult, in fact, for the author to be completely free of a feeling of anticlimax, for long before publication day the complete book had been in his hands.

Is it the moment of delivery, then —that precious ceremony when the author picks up the finished work for the first time? No, not even this, for the event had been anticipated by the omnipresence of the physical properties leading to the book—galleys, jacket proofs, or even a dummy of the book itself.

Very well, then, is it the signing of the contract? So many preliminaries have taken place, especially if the author is represented by an agent or a lawyer, that the occasion has less glamour than the finishing touches of surgery. There is also the undeniable fact that authors tend to view contract-signing as more of a moment of triumph for publisher than writer.

What about the acceptance of the manuscript by the publisher? Is this, finally, the magical time? Still no. Acceptance seldom comes in one fell swoop of glorious notification. Long before the final manuscript has been turned in, outlines or chapters or segments had been weighed and scrutinized by the publisher who, in most cases, had committed himself on that basis.

Is it, then, that moment when the final page of the manuscript is written? Once again, no. So far as the author is concerned, there is never a moment when a book can be called done. No matter how many times a manuscript may be revised, pain of incompletion pursues him. His discontent drives him to shore up an argument with another fact, or to add yet another incident, or to improve the sequence of an event, or even to add another chapter. He aches all over from incomplete catharsis. An author never really finishes a book. The publisher has to practise obstetrics and deliver him—while there is yet time to save the book.

Is there then no moment of triumph for the author? Are his satisfactions to be shredded into so many segments that there is no single time of unconfined exaltation?

There is such a moment. The moment of triumph is the moment of conception. This is when an important idea is born, when there is a sudden glorious clicking in the vitals of the writer, when he knows that his creative wells are full and demanding release. It is also a moment of commitment, for the writer knows that the idea will possess him and hover over him until he puts down the words that will set him free again.

If it is self-tyranny, it is at least the tyranny of purpose. But against this there is the sense of having conquered one's limitations, the feeling that there is no creative challenge that cannot be met.

How does the moment of triumph take place? Can it happen to anybody? It can happen only to a person who is ready for it. The creative process depends least of all upon accident. It requires that the mind be properly worked and tended, that it be given the nourishment of silence and the gift of sequence. If there is a problem vague even as to definition, the mind must be allowed to take in relevant materials and to be kept free of diversion until the problem is at least defined.

"I can remember," Darwin wrote in his autobiography, "the very spot in the road, whilst in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me." He had been reading a passage from Malthus, it had penetrated into his subconscious; even while he slept the mind continued to do its sorting and shaping of the elements of the problem. When the shock of recognition hit the conscious intelligence, it was the culmination of a germinal period and not just the begining of one. When Chapman's translation of Homer went through the mind of Keats, it produced poetry of an order that would never have been born without it. Goethe believed that Hamlet was created because "all the links of a chain of thought" were already in place.

Albert Schweitzer, paddling upstream in a canoe on the River Ogouwe, perceived an island in the middle of the river and there occurred to him the idea of "reverence for life." Did the island produce the idea? If so, the same idea should have occurred to everyone who saw the island under similar circumstances. This moment of creative triumph occurred to Albert Schweitzer because he was ready for it, because his moral imagination had been cultivated as carefully and as painstakingly as a farmer his fields.

Whether the moment of triumph produces a spark or a thunderbolt, it is certain to have lasting effects. It can generate the carrying power to sustain an author through a thousand nights of torment at his writing desk. No search is harder than for the proper sequence in the presentation of an idea. No quest is more exhausting than the one for creating a character in a book who is true to himself. Conversely, nothing is easier than for an author to be led by a half-formed and poorly conceived idea.

In our time, the creative mind may find it difficult to avoid half-formed ideas. The age seems to favor interruption and the staccato burst. But the writer of stature will find the eye of the hurricane. In that stillness he will know his moment of triumph and he will create the words that will help to make us bigger than we are.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

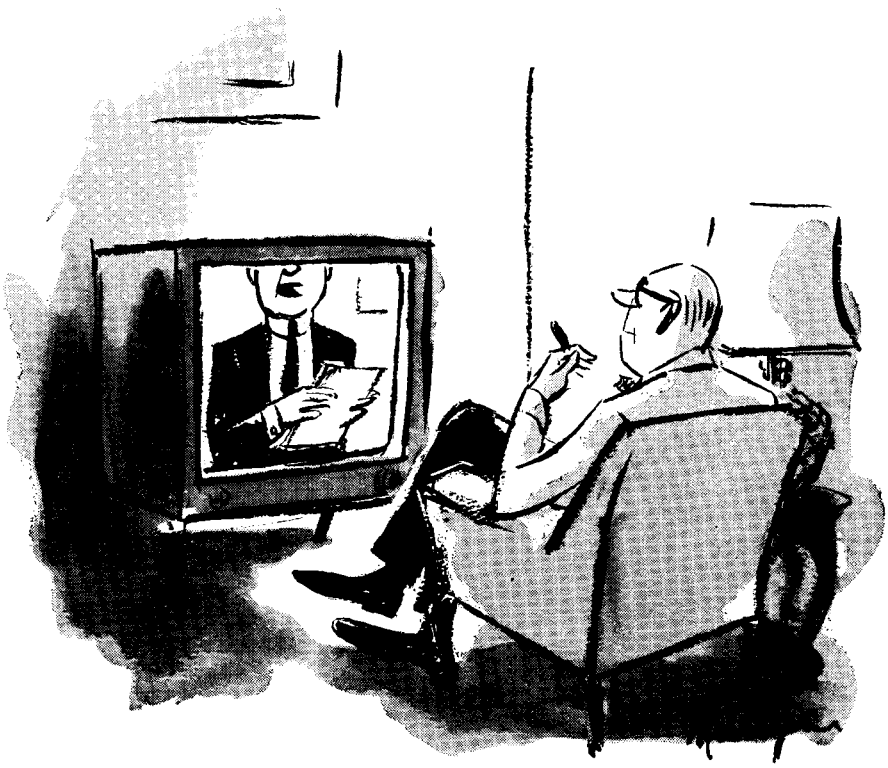
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IN THE *Saturday Review* of March 14, on page 20, there is a poem by M. B. Thornton entitled "Rebirth." Some of my friends and I have discussed this poem with some heat and perhaps little light, and have come up with various interpretations of what I consider a delightful piece. It appears to be the question at the end of the poem that presents some problems. The question is: "What did you think you were going to teach it?" There is also some question as to whether or not the "death" referred to in the sixth line is an actual death of the mother. Then of course there are the questions that arise concerning the entire meaning of the poem. I know that poems do not have to "mean" anything. But I think this one does.

JAMES B. HARR.

Nyack, N.Y.

I have seen a spider on a caught wasp
eating it alive, as I have seen a
child at the heart not the breast of its mother.
Call it whatever you please:
as the wasp is for the spider living sunlight caught alive, the death of such a woman is a living child.
What did you think you were going to teach it?



". . . and until the dispute is settled, the cameras will be operated by our executive staff."

IT ALL DEPENDS

I CAN ADD little to the poem. As I am sure you know, a poem writes itself, so that in a sense the author of one often finds himself in the same position as his audience. This is partly true, and for the rest, a poem is lived into.

If you will forgive a digression, possibly you will recall with me the story of the painting of a bird some centuries ago by a Japanese artist for an Emperor. The artist was commissioned by the Emperor to paint a bird. After weeks of waiting, weeks that stretched into months, and months into years, the Emperor finally called upon the artist to request an explanation for the delay. The artist, bowing, praying that His Majesty be seated, sets a blank canvas on his easel, and in ten minutes, produces the painting. The Emperor is amazed. He demands to know, since this is possible, why he has been kept waiting all this time. The artist again bows. He goes to cabinet after cabinet, producing drawing after drawing of tendons, feathers, wings, feet, claws, eyes of birds, which he places one by one before the Emperor.

It is so with a poem. Probably the most difficult lines are fragments of these studies; and it is the difference between a poem and a verse: verses are contrived.

As you see, it often takes a whole life to write a poem. So to be asked a "meaning" puts a poet a little in the position of the artist, but in the awkward position also of not being able to send all the notebooks and studies which have produced it. As there have been numerous inquiries regarding this poem, I have reached the only answer briefly possible (as some such questions have come also from grammar school teachers), which is that no teaching is possible of a heart-fed child—it can only be *guided*. Unfortunately the great preponderance of human being is only breast-fed—confused, taught, and of no nature so lost as in its own. Being born of sex-birth, which is only a contrivance, is of much the same nature as making verses out of rhythm, which can be momentarily enjoyable but desperately meaningless.

To try to throw some light on the second question with you, most women are not loved, they are beefed. The "death of such a woman" is the beefing of a once heart-fed child. There is no place for her love to go but back into that part of her own understanding she finds responding in the need of her child.

I hope this may partly answer the questions. For the rest, there is no way but to live into the poem itself.

M. B. THORNTON.

Reno, Nev.

FAULKNER'S FIRST APPEARANCE

IN "THE BIG TREND IN LITTLE MAGAZINES" (*SR* May 9), Rust Hills states that a New Orleans little magazine, *The Double Dealer*, was the first to publish William Faulkner. This is an error. Faulkner's first published work appeared in *The New Republic* of August 6, 1919 (a poem: "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"). He did not appear in *The Double Dealer* until June, 1922, when a poem of his shared a page with one by "Ernest M. Hemingway."

Mr. Hills also says that the magazine published monthly from January, 1921, until May, 1926, when it folded. Actually it published monthly only through 1922. After that it came out irregularly.

GERALD H. STRAUSS.

Columbia, Mo.

SICK TENDENCY

MR. HILLS'S article springs from this recent sick tendency to believe everything in the Twenties is better than everything in the Fifties, of which the recent craze for Fitzgerald is also a part. He includes, for instance, such a magazine as *The Hudson Review*, which is independent and always has been, in his group of institutionalized magazines supported by a foundation or university; he omits all mention of the long-standing *Black Mountain Review*, which is certainly of higher quality than *Blast* or *Broom* ever was, and equally pugnacious and "individual;" and he also passes over such newer and very outspoken magazines such as *The Fifties*, *Coastlines*, and *Hearse*. He omits all mention of magazines which do not fit into his neat categories of 1) dull and timid, or 2) madly hoping to be commercial. In brief, the article is rather untrustworthy.

CHARLES REYNOLDS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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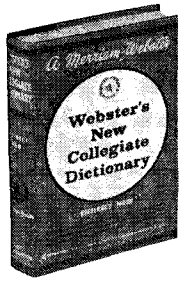

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Brave Young People

MAN, **"The Nervous Set"** really jumps. The new musical by Jay Landesman and Theodore J. Flicker takes a warm look at the cool generation. Against Paul Morrison's gay set of revolving panels and with a pulse provided by a jazz combination playing fervently behind a black gauze curtain we see today's lost young intellectuals. Both the action and the songs by Fran Landesman and Tommy Wolf parody the clichés of the beatnik. "Are you in analysis?" asks a girl. "Not right now," answers a boy, and thus begins a new relationship.

The most recognizable of the show's characters is Yogi, a delightfully outrageous example of the rebellious creep. Wearing black-rimmed glasses and a goatee, he enters a strange apartment and without compunction orients himself by dialing the operator for a time-check and by reading someone else's personal mail. When a dreary old cleaning woman comes in he violently besieges her with a grotesque song entitled "How Do You Like Your Love?"

Beyond its colorful frabber-jabber, "The Nervous Set" is alive with a sense that if these night people are escapists, they are at least aware there is something to escape from. If they are drifting out beyond the periphery of the real world into trackless space, they at least know they are moving away from the squares.

In this instance, the squares are Fairfield County suburbanites with their P-TA and small talk and Waring Mixer prosperity. One of their number, Jan, falls into a "Why not?" relationship with Brad, the editor of a beatnik magazine. But Jan is a romantic and she sees today's Villagers as "sad young men," whose nihilistic artificial rebellion is attractive when they are young, but sick if adopted as a lifetime fetish. In this vein, the authors have suggested a positive humanistic happy ending for its boy and girl, and while it may be sincerely felt and even true to life where most people do "outgrow" their youthful fervor, it seems somewhat pale after the more caustic early proceedings.

The performers rightly have been chosen for their lack of professional finish, and while some of the singing is very imperfect, we are compensated with a greater projection of the characters' personalities. Tani Seitz and disc-jockey Richard Hayes play Jan and Brad simply, and Del Close as Yogi, and Gerald Hiken, as a millionaire who buys his way into beatnik society, both give amusing and memorable portrayals.

Despite its imperfections—which probably seem greater because this is an off-Broadway show in a Broadway house—every alert theatre-goer will want to dig "The Nervous Set." It belongs in the same category with "Look Back in Anger," "Night Circus," and "Cranks."

DOWNTOWN at the Phoenix Theatre another new musical, horrendously titled **"Once Upon a Mattress,"** has pleasant fun with the old fairy tale about the princess who proved her royal lineage by being unable to sleep atop twenty soft mattresses because a tiny hard pea had been placed under the bottom one. The show introduces a new song-writing team of Mary Rodgers and Marshall Barer. Miss Rodgers is a daughter of one of our better known composers, but she is here searching for a style of her own. She and Mr. Barer demonstrate that they can write tunes that keep the action going rather than just songs. For instance, "Sensitivity" catches the quality of an insensitive, talkative woman going on and on with occasional revelations of malevolent punctuation. And most of the music has a nice lilt to it.

The plot contains some amusing inventions. One of the best is Queen Agravaine's overzealous protection of her son, Prince Dauntless the Drab, against marrying the wrong girl. At one point, Jane White, who plays the role with great verve, gets so worked up that she clutches Dauntless and exclaims, "Oh, God! If I were only twenty years younger." Another is the ending that reveals the princess had a far greater amount of help than she had in the old story. And some interesting byplay is provided for Jack Gilford by making him a mute king who must converse like a contestant in "The Game."

"Once Upon a Mattress" also introduces a potential new star in a Judy Canova-like personality named Carol Burnett, who plays the aggressive Princess Winifred the Woebegone. And director George Abbott has kept the musical from seeming as tenuous as this sort of show can become.

—HENRY HEWES.

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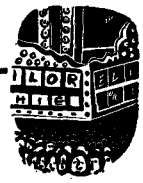


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Fools There Were

PADDY CHAYEFSKY's **"Middle of the Night,"** which started out as a TV play, became a Broadway hit, and is now a motion picture, tells of how a widowed, fifty-six-year-old manufacturer of ladies' apparel finds love with a twenty-four-year-old secretary. Their essential problem (and most of their emotional writhing) has to do with that appalling thirty-two-year age difference, and they resolve the difficulty by marrying each other. On the face of things, the solution seems idiotic, but Mr. Chayefsky has lessened the idiocy by making the man kind, sympathetic, loyal, hard-working and home-loving; and the girl wounded by divorce, an unloving home situation and presumably an unhappy, fatherless childhood.

While one can't foretell a passionate physical relationship between them, nor the raising of a family, they at least seem to mesh psychologically, or perhaps psychiatrically. However, I gather the story was not meant to illustrate modern techniques of psychiatric adjustment, nor to parody them, but to be a touching tale of "real" people. Among Mr. Chayefsky's talents are his "ear" for middle-class New York *patois*, and his ability to discover the telling, perceptive detail, and he is thus able to make the situation believable if not utterly convincing.

The story was more successful in its stage version, and I suspect this was due to Joshua Logan's expert direction, and to the playing of Edward G. Robinson and Gena Rowlands as the two principals. The lines had humor and crackle, and the audience was able to put aside for awhile its worry about what on earth would happen afterward. The movie, though, is a darker, gloomier affair. Fredric March, fine actor though he is, doesn't provide the appeal that Robinson brought to the role, and Kim Novak, I'm afraid, isn't capable of sustaining any prolonged interest in the girl. Nor does Delbert Mann's direction spark the scenes between them to sustained life.

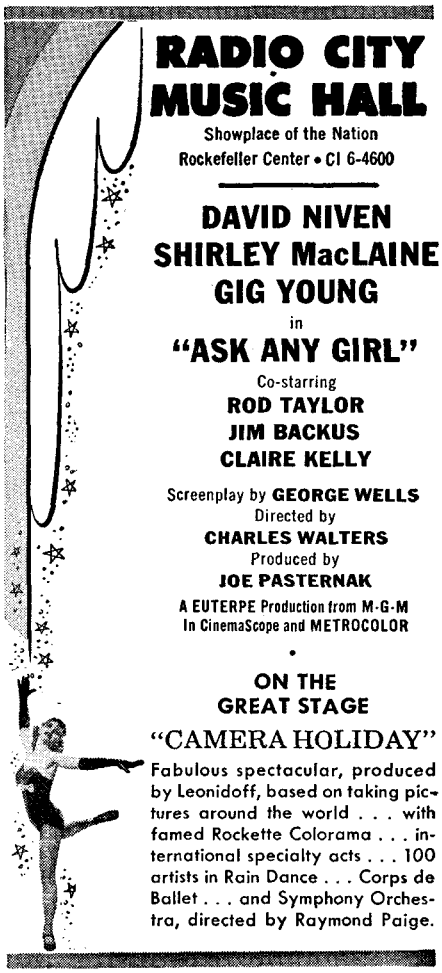
The embraces of the older man and the girl (especially so full-blooded and full-bodied a girl as Miss Novak appears) have a way of chilling the bone marrow, and worse, accentuating that tragic age difference. Passionlessly they act out their passion, and one feels that the answer is not for them to marry each other, but for both to widen their horizons and seek more suitable partners.

The play added another complication that isn't altogether apparent in the film. Jerry Kingsley was "a Jewish man," as the girl's mother termed him, and there was a difference of faiths that also had to be surmounted. Mr. March's accent indicates his background, but the problem is now politely ignored, as perhaps ideally it should be, but unfortunately probably would not be in actuality. Yet the camera and the drably realistic settings won't let matters rest. It somehow searches out difficulties where the lines of dialogue do not, and scenes and incidents not only lack luster, but have a way of disturbing, as though issues are being arbitrarily ducked.

The minor roles are, however, excellently acted, especially by Joan Copeland as the married daughter of the manufacturer, and Lee Grant as the girl's realistic friend. As in other Chayefsky stories, all the characters are seeking love and "emotional security," as though by attaining them all problems will be solved. But the emotional security attained by Betty Priesser and Jerry Kingsley struck me as cold comfort indeed, especially in this version—which, for some odd reason, was chosen as our official entry at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

* * *

In **"Shake Hands with the Devil,"** James Cagney is a brilliant Irish surgeon who has declared war to the death on the Black and Tans during the Irish War for Independence. When the rebellion looks to be succeeding, and peace is at hand, his lust for blood continues unslaked, and his own protégé (Don Murray) regretfully polishes him off. With such first-rate people as Michael Redgrave, Sybil Thorndike, and Nial MacGinnis in the cast, it is a pity that the story, after a promising start, instead of following the progress of the rebellion, turns to following two pretty girls (Glynis Johns and Dana Wynter) and their romance with Don Murray, a young American volunteer. Cagney gives it all he's got, and Redgrave and Miss Thorndike are certainly impeccable, but their contributions are not enough to counter the rather foolish romance. —HOLLIS ALPERT.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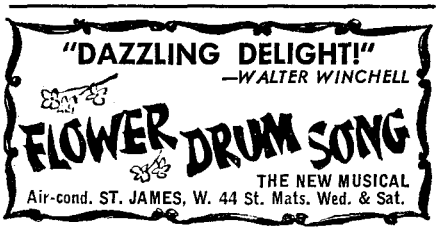

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Drums Along the Pacific

MARK TWAIN may have been right, in his pre-broadcasting world, when he wrote, "The thin top crust of humanity, the cultivated, are worth pacifying, worth pleasing, worth preserving, but to be caterer to that little faction is merely feeding the overfed." TV-radio broadcasting to small factions, however, is of considerable social importance when it is carried on within ear-and-eyeshot of culturally impoverished millions. Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, argued recently at Ohio State University that TV, as distinct from other communications media, ought not to have a "special imperative applied to it." To the do-gooder the free, continuous omnipresence of broadcasting in the home, its public franchise nature and the overriding necessities of a nuclear-poised age seem to demand a special imperative. The sharpness of social criticism of TV-radio is in direct ratio to the widely held belief in the salutary powers of the currently narcotizing giant.

The fundamental measurement of developments in broadcasting must be made according to this yardstick. That is why the announcement that KPFK, the Pacifica Foundation's second station, will go on the air in the Los Angeles area on June 28th, is a matter of national interest. This product of the agamogenesis of KPFA, in San Francisco, is another nonsponsored, entirely listener-supported FM radio station, which will broadcast an independent schedule of avowedly educational and cultural programs. A *Los Angeles Times* FM columnist regards KPFK as a "cultural bomb . . . that will provide commercial-sick or weary TV viewers a chance to rest their eyes and use their minds for a change." "Don't subscribe," warns another Southern Californian, "unless you're prepared to be caught up in something. A radio station operated for adult minds really does get to be a religion."

The local "little faction" in Los Angeles is prepared. KPFK expects to have 3,000 subscriptions by the end of June—more subscribers than its parent station, KPFA, in San Francisco, had in its first year on the air. The impersonal point, nevertheless, is that Lewis Hill's "2 per cent theory of audience support for educational broadcasting" has jumped out of the curiosity class into the raised-eyebrow category. Mr. Hill, the original prophet of the Pacifica Foundation, postulated that ten dollars a year from a 2 per cent minority of the population in a city, could produce annual revenues to support the operating costs of a completely unbeholden radio station.

Through ten years of emotional flagellation known peculiarly to its psychological expatriates of a mass, mercantilist society, KPFA endured its survival ordeal. Its mystique ("a threat to any establishment since it encourages the participant to question, to think, to feel intensely") was often regarded by its distant friends and admirers as an efflorescence special to the hills surrounding the University of California campus at Berkeley. "Tension, secret excitement," revulsion at a balanced budget ("a deficit is the price you pay for excellence and freedom")—these have been the stigmata of the experiment. But now Los Angeles looks forward to identical angels and their manifestations. One thinks of the Samaritans receiving the word of God from Philip. Or of the first landing on the moon. . . .

Lewis Hill wrote that "the listener-sponsored station must give the values and concerns of [the community's intellectual leadership] an accurate reflection at their highest level." He did not stop there, though. He added: "Because the resultant broadcast service is public, the community at large—no doubt by slow accretion and assimilation—is enabled to participate in the best aspects of its own culture as few communities have done before. . . . A practical instrument of adult education can be created wherein the concept of the average gives way to the expression of the unique." This is the social heart of the appearance of the second Pacifica Foundation station. The light is no longer parochial; it is capable of spreading to contiguous darkness. How far that contiguity may go is the exciting question of the future. To change the metaphor, two drums now beat in the West. If more drums are added eastward across the Rockies, the dialogue of the overfed cannot help but be overheard nationally by the undernourished. We may come a little closer to the answer of the riddle of what the public wants: manna or meat and potatoes?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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In Antiquity, Modern Thinking

"The Greek Historians: The Essence of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius," edited by M. I. Finlay *(Viking. 501 pp. $6), excerpts from the best available translations the thought of a quartet dedicated to Clio. The classical scholar C. A. Robinson, Jr., examines the selections.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

IN "THE GREEK HISTORIANS," M. I. Finley, a well-known American scholar who is now a Fellow of Jesus College in Cambridge University, has made an excellent selection from the works of the four best historians of Greek antiquity. His method has been, in part, to offer at least one long, continuous narrative from Herodotus's "Persian Wars," Thucydides's "Peloponnesian War," Xenophon's "Anabasis" (the March of the Ten Thousand), and the "Histories" of Polybius, whose theory of the cycle of governmental forms argues that democracy ends in "tumultuous assemblies, massacres, banishments, redivisions of land; until, after losing all trace of civilization, it has once more found a master and a despot."

The Greeks established their greatest claim to immortality, says Finley, during the seventh century before Christ when they discovered that man is a rational being. Their first critical protests led to a new cosmology, as when Xenophanes cried, "Homer and Hesiod have attributed to the gods everything that is disgraceful and blameworthy among men: theft, adultery, and deceit." Historical investigation—in its root sense of inquiry—was still to be achieved, however. It is quite true that the Babylonians, for example, already had their chronicles and records, but the people of the older civilizations were not writing history, but religion. Real inquiry came when the Greeks of Asia Minor decided that they had better understand their eastern neighbors who were about to overpower them.

Since Finley himself writes so well, we can only regret that his introduction runs to no more than twenty pages. His comments include all the conventional facts we need to know by way of general orientation, but he has also been able to turn his essay into an original and stimulating interpretation of the development and eventual decline of Greek historical writing. He stresses very properly that Thucydides, like other great thinkers of Periclean Athens in the fifth century B.C., had little interest in facts as facts. His desire was to understand, to uncover the essentials of man's behavior, in particular his political behavior. But oddly enough, this intellectual giant led nowhere. Aristotle explained it by saying that history merely tells us "what Alcibiades did and what he suffered." The serious Greek did not want to know what happened, but why, and since lesser men than Thucydides could not say, the Greeks turned to poetry and philosophy for the answers.

Finley's principle of long excerpts gives us a fine appreciation of individual styles and approaches to the art of history during a period of three centuries. It also means, occasionally, that relatively uninteresting or unimportant material is perforce included. Thus Herodotus's wonderful account of Marathon is squeezed out, and yet "until this time the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear." A serious omission, however, is the famous Melian Dialogue, where, as Finley observes, Thucydides plays "with abstract ideas of justice and empire, right and might, freedom and slavery." And it is more than that, for Thucydides is showing how his own native state surrendered ultimately to all of man's basest instincts.

Thucydides's "History," furthermore, proves that it was humane Athens, not oligarchical Sparta, that brought on the disastrous Peloponnesian War, but unless the reader perseveres carefully from page to page, he will miss it. For this reason, I think, Finley should have prefaced each excerpt with a helpful statement. The page or two preceding each author does not suffice, since few can come to an anthology of this type with a specialist's background. The translations have been chosen from the best available.

For Us, the East's Sacred Works

"The Texts of Taoism; The Tao Té Ching, The Writings of Chuang-Tzŭ, The Thai-Shang Tractate of Actions and Their Retributions," translated by James Legge, *with an introduction by D. T. Suzuki (Julian Press. 800 pp. $7.50), illuminate the philosophy to which Zen Buddhism is indebted.* SR*'s reviewer, Kenneth Scott Latourette, is Sterling Professor, Missions and Oriental History, Emeritus, in Yale University.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

FOR MORE than a generation the name of James Legge has stood for high scholarship in Chinese studies. A gifted linguist, a diligent worker, long a Protestant missionary to the Chinese, in his later years Legge was professor of Chinese in Oxford, the first to hold that chair. Through a working life which continued into his eighties Legge produced translation after translation of standard Chinese works. Although later specialists have ventured to disagree with some of his renderings and critical notes, all have held him in the highest respect. But his books have gone out of print and some are collectors' items.

We are now fortunate in having an excellent reprint of the entire volume in The Sacred Books of the East series which include Legge's translations of the most valued of the texts of Taoism. To this has been added an introduction by the well-known Japanese scholar D. T. Suzuki. The texts are the "Tao Tê Ching," the writings of Chuang Tzŭ, and the "Thai-Shang Tractate of Actions and Their Retributions." This first is a relatively short book, only a little more than of pamphlet dimensions, which has been considered basic in Taoist philosophy and again and again has been translated into Western languages. Chuang Tzŭ, the most prominent Taoist author, lived in the fourth century before Christ. The writings attributed to him are in a vivid style and abound in striking illustrations and stories and in seeming paradoxes. The "Thai-Shang Tractate" is of much later date. Little more than a tract in length, it was once extremely popular in China and went into many editions. Legge does not give the full Chinese text of any of the three books, but his translations are full length and his

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extensive notes embody a number of Chinese characters and quotations in Chinese characters with his explanatory comments.

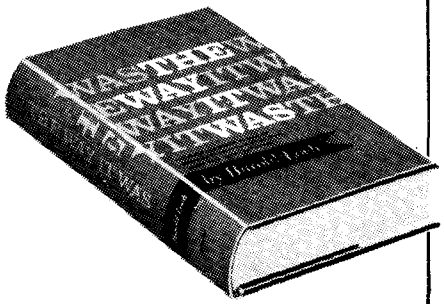
Legge accepted the traditional account of the author and origin of the "Tao Tê Ching." This held that the author was Lao Tzŭ, an older contemporary of Confucius, keeper of the archives of the imperial court, who, wearying of the world, withdrew to the West and, at the urgent request of a friend, left behind him this summary of his views. Legge was quite aware that the reliability of this story —the earliest surviving form of which is between four and five centuries later than the alleged event—had been seriously challenged. However, he stoutly maintained its dependability. Since his day specialists have more and more called it into question. At best Lao Tzŭ emerges as a shadowy figure of uncertain date, and many are inclined to place the "Tao Tê Ching," at least in its present form, in a later period, perhaps in the third century before Christ. But this does not discredit the careful, massive scholarship that underlies Legge's work.

The pleasant introduction by Dr. Suzuki is of a more popular nature than Legge's pages. Suzuki is inclined to hold to the orthodox account of Lao Tzŭ and the composition of the "Tao Tê Ching." But he does not stand by it as stoutly as did Legge. He points out contrasts between the "Lun Yü" (the "Analects" of Confucius) and the "Tao Tê Ching" and Chuang Tzŭ. Here and there he offers a translation different from that of Legge. He speaks of the difficulty the Western mind has in understanding the Taoist texts, a difficulty due to the lack of parallels in Western philosophy. As an expert on Buddhism he makes much of the likeness of Taoism and Zen and rightly points out that the latter, in its beginnings in China (where it is known as Ch'an), was deeply indebted to Taoism.

Portrait of an era...

THE WAY IT WAS

by Harold Loeb



WHAT WAS IT like to have a share in the tremendous upsurge of the twenties — the decade of dada, cubism, jazz, bathtub gin — the period that produced such an astonishing number of vital new literary and artistic talents?

Harold Loeb, who edited the almost legendary BROOM, recalls THE WAY IT WAS to discover the Paris of Gertrude Stein and James Joyce; the Dublin group of James Stephens, Æ. and W. B. Yeats; the Greenwich Village of Edna Millay and "Red" Lewis, and to publish the early work of Pirandello, Malcolm Cowley, John dos Passos, Hart Crane, e.e. cummings, and many others — in a magazine illustrated by Matisse, Picasso and Klee.

Not the least fascinating to literary detectives will be Loeb's account of his friendship with the young Hemingway and what *really* happened at a certain famous bullfight at Pamplona.

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Last Word

Continued from page 11

her skill and boldness in verbal duels:

To Dr. William Carlos Williams, the poet, in 1918, she wrote: "I wish you were not such a pesky, touchy creature. There are not too many of us, and some time one might like to talk to you. Still, I think it might be something like smelling a thistle."

Although Edna St. Vincent Millay had no zest for controversy, she did not shrink from it when duty or principle required her to speak. Her integrity and courage shine forth in the following letter she wrote—a stirring piece with which to conclude this discussion of women who have talked back.

The letter is to the Secretary of New York University, May 22, 1937.

"I received from Mr. Chase your Chancellor, in a letter dated April 26th, the information that New York University wished to confer upon me on the occasion of its commencement on the ninth of June, the honourary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters. In the same letter Mr. Chase informed me that Mrs. Chase would be pleased to receive me as a guest of honour at a dinner given for a small group of ladies at the Chancellor's home on the evening of the Commencement. . . .

In your letter dated May 4th, I was told for the first time that on the evening of the dinner given in honour of me by the Chancellor's wife, a quite separate dinner is to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria in honour of the other recipients of honourary degrees, that is, the male recipients.

On an occasion, then, on which I shall be present solely for reasons of scholarship, I am, solely for reasons of sex, to be excluded from the company and the conversation of my fellow-doctors. . . .

I shall attend Mrs. Chase's dinner with pleasure; and I shall receive the degree the following morning with a satisfaction only slightly tempered by the consciousness of the discrimination against me of the night before. . . .

Mrs. Chase should be the last, I think, to be offended by my attitude. I register this objection not for myself personally, but for all women.

I beg of you, and of the eminent Council whose representative you are, that I may be the last woman so honoured, to be required to swallow from the very cup of this honour, the gall of this humiliation.

Very sincerely yours,
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 6, 4, 10, 2, 12, 8, 1, 5, 11, 7, 9.

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For Sale

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93rd, 5th. CHARMING, FURNISHED 1½, elevator. June-September $120, thereafter $135. Lease. TRafalgar 9-9228. Broker.

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SR/RECORDINGS

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S. HUROK, ADVENTURER IN THE ARTS

By IRVING KOLODIN

JUST where the interest really began no one can really say—but there was a moment when the whole future of a ballet public in America hung in the balance. Sitting at a table in the Select Café in Paris in the spring of 1932, the experienced Nikita Balieff of "Chauve Souris" fame attempted to give his younger friend some fatherly advice: "You have 800 wooden actors [the famous Teatro Piccolo] who don't complain about dressing rooms, have affairs, cause scandals, get sick or miss performances—what do you want a ballet for?"

Had S. Hurok been able to give a rational answer to so rational a question, it would have marked him as something else than what he was—a man so enamoured of the irrational art of the dance, through previous experiences with Fokine and Pavlova and the Duncan Dancers, that he would eventually execute a mission from Moscow unparalleled in the artistic history of our times. There were many days (even more nights) when the tangled affairs of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—which Balieff had warned him against—or the Universal Art enterprise, or those of Ballet Theatre, must have caused Hurok to wonder why he hadn't listened. But, as irrationally and stubbornly, he was back again with another venture, building an audience that in these post-Sadler's Wells or Moiseyev or Bolshoi days greets him on the street by name and thanks him for the pleasure he has provided to them.

There will be those, of course, who will point to the income at the fifteen-dollar top in the Metropolitan Opera House (and elsewhere) for the Bolshoi Ballet engagement, the "take" from a TV deal, the renewed interest in the film version of "Romeo and Juliet" (which bears, for a fee, the label "S. Hurok Presents"), and other by-products, as nonphilanthropic. "Confidentially," says the gentleman himself, "we won't lose money." Interpret that modest understatement as you will, he will hardly make enough to repay him in kind for the conversations, the correspondence, and the cables that date back to 1926, through Litvinoff and Troyanovsky and virtually every other ambassador Moscow has sent here, for the recent efforts to have "the fingerprints lifted" (a Hurokism which, when translated, means remission of the requirements of our State Department to have Soviet artistic visitors subject to this regulatory procedure), for the dozen round-trip air journeys to Moscow in May or January, summer or winter, year by year, culmi-

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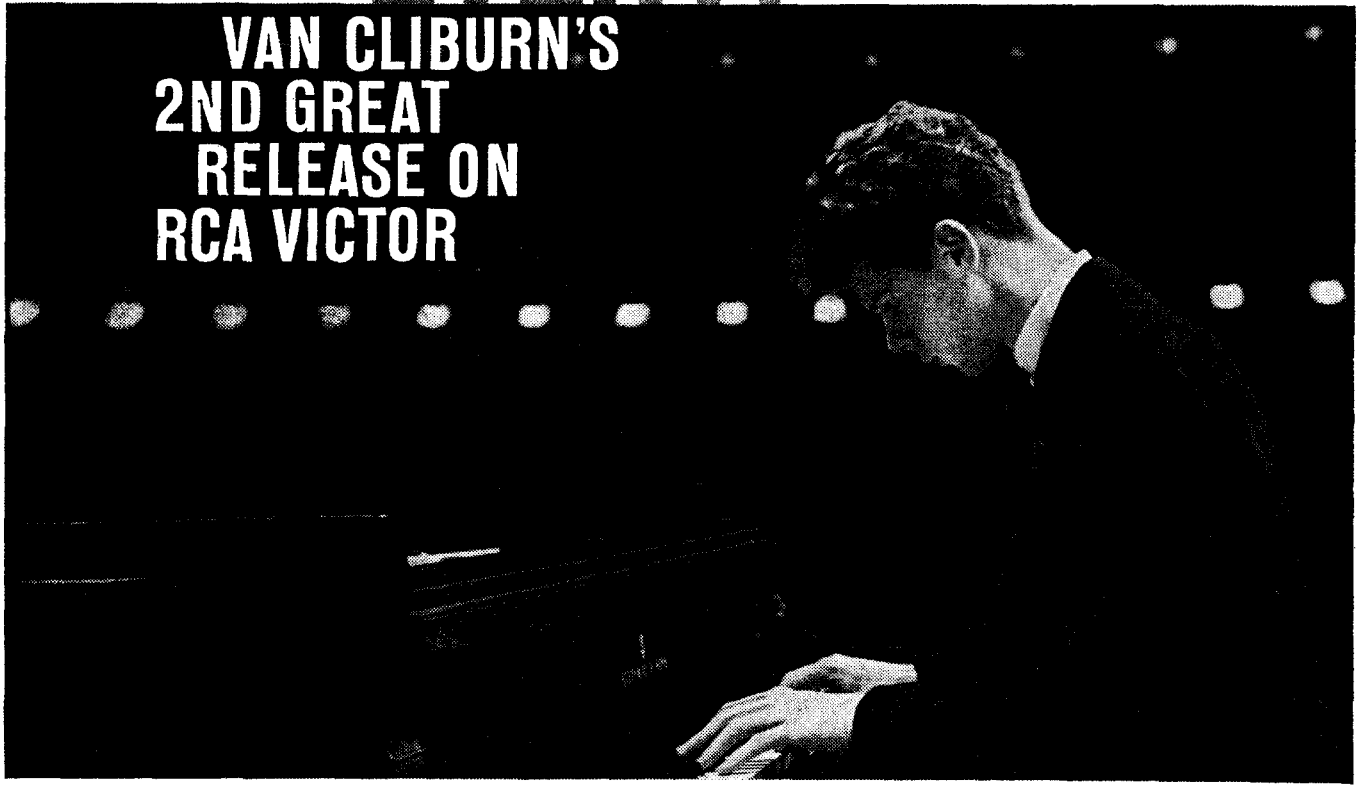

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S. Hurok as the bear-trainer in "Petrouchka" (1940).

nating in the final one of February that found him, obviously haggard and pounds below his normal weight, in the Metropolitan lobby on the greatest of his opening nights.

What he derives from it in personal satisfaction, publicity, the accomplishment of the impossible, only he could answer, but if the profit motive were uppermost, he would have foresworn ballet in the days of the depression when the Basil company had to be split in two to keep it working and the bills paid. Or in the later days of the firm resolve "To hell with the ballet," when he had such money-making properties as Marian Anderson, Artur Rubinstein, Isaac Stern and Andres Segovia (not to mention Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren, Blanche Thebom and Victoria de los Angeles). His resistance crumbled when he saw what Ninette de Valois, Frederick Ashton, and Constant Lambert had made of the "neighborhood" Sadler's Wells Company, resulting in an American tour that delighted them and surprised him. It was just as well that he had the original "weakness" intact, for American patronage was so emphatic that they came again and again, insisting that he take a larger share of the receipts than he had originally stipulated, literally making his fortune.

According to the subject himself, the weakness would go back to childhood days in Ukrainia, when a small boy sleepless of a summer night would steal out to join the farmers at a neighboring water mill, whiling away the time as they waited their grinding turns, with song and dance. To join them, that is, not only in listening and watching, but also with voice and body. And the weakness was still with him when he "went on" as the bear trainer in "Petrouchka" in a company he was managing. It is for what Igor Moiseyev has done to shape the vocabulary of folk lore to an art form that Hurok calls him "the greatest name in dance since Duncan in 1905 or Fokine."

If the Russian heritage provided the impulse (and who else but a Russian-speaking impresario could have endured the tedium of the negotiations that preceded the journey of Ulanova, Plisetskaya, et al, across the ocean?) migration to America provided the opportunity. The "American dream" has no brighter fulfillment than Hurok's ascendance from steerage to skyscraper. It took him first to Philadelphia, partially because he had read of Benjamin Franklin in Russia; made him an admiring lobby-stander as Oscar Hammerstein passed into his Manhattan Opera House; and marked him out to follow those footsteps and the path of Dillingham, Morris Gest, and the others who were illustrious when he was growing up.

Along the way of many turnings, with some defeats and several retreats, Hurok has contributed as much, perhaps, as any university in educating not only a dance public in America, but also a corps of critics. The early Diaghileff ventures of 1915-16 failed, he will tell you, not only because of an unaware public and poor promotion, but also for lack of critics who knew what it was all about (a shining exception was Carl Van Vechten). Under the massive indoctrination provided by Hurok's ceaseless campaigning not only for ballet, but for Spanish (Argentinita and Escudero), German (Mary Wigman), Hindu (Uday Shan-Kar), and even American dance (Martha Graham), plus the examples afforded by John Martin of the *Times* and Mary Watkins of the *Tribune*, even a music critic eventually learned the difference between an entrechat and an arabesque, learned, even more, to appreciate that dance was not an imposition on music but, at its best, an emanation from it.

The process might have been accelerated had not Diaghileff died suddenly in 1929, leaving Hurok holding a contract that couldn't be fulfilled. In retrospect, it is his opinion that dissolution of the Diaghileff company was a greater boon to world appreciation of ballet than its preservation for another decade would have been. It released Ninette de Valois to begin her work in England, with undreamed of results; it brought George Balanchine to America for collaboration with Lincoln Kirstein, which has written a bright chapter of creation all its own; and it spread about a vanguard of talented teachers who have trained able dancers, here and abroad.

Finally, from the pieces of Diaghileff's venture came the nucleus of the Basil Company both in personnel and repertory, led by Leonide Massine, whose great gifts brought into being such works as the symphonic ballets, "Gaité Parisienne," "Union Pacific," and "St. Francis." Added to the earlier Fokine repertory of "Scheherazade," "Prince Igor," "Sylphides," and "Petrouchka," they gave the American public something to feed on while its appetite grew from bits and pieces of "Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty" to absorb the full-length versions of the Sadler's Wells repertory. Also, if there were a "Rodeo," a "Pillar of Fire," a "Fancy Free" from other sources, the audience that responded was largely his.

Gradually the appeal to the indoctrinated and the balletomanes spread to neophytes who responded with pleasure to what they saw. Balletomanes, in their way, are very well;

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Left to right: Edna Purviance, S. Hurok, Charlie Chaplin, and James Girard on a Hollywood set during Anna Pavlova's Los Angeles engagement in 1923.

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The Little Ones

By RICHARD D. FREED

EARLY in 1956, English Decca released one of the most exciting orchestral records ever made, the superb Kubelik performance of the Janáček Sinfonietta. Unfortunately, it was a ten-inch record, and it reached this country under the London label just as London and the other major companies decided to permanently abandon the ten-inch format. While some copies were circulated, the disc was never advertised and never got as far as a listing in Schwann. (According to most manufacturers, public preference was strongly against ten-inch LPs. ED.)

The standardization of the twelve-inch format undoubtedly made for more convenient storage in shops and more attractive storage in the home, but the ten-inchers had many points in their favor. While the basic innovation of the long-playing record —the presentation of a musical composition without interruption—is unquestionably attractive, the presentation of often arbitrarily selected "concerts" on a single LP side may be viewed with considerably less enthusiasm.

European companies not only continue to issue ten-inch records, but even "extended play" 45 rpm discs—and even the latter in stereo. The well-received Gilels recording of the Beethoven Fourth Concerto on Angel and the Kubelik Dvorak String Serenade on London, both twelve-inch releases here, were issued as ten-inchers in England, with special twelve-inch editions produced for the U.S. market.

This discussion, of course, will not alter the fact that, except for a very few releases from very small companies, all our records from now on will have a diameter of about eleven and seven-eighths inches. Many of the ten-inch items have been reissued on twelve-inch discs, and those that haven't been by now probably won't be. Which brings us to consideration of some surpassingly attractive recordings, formerly available on ten-inch discs, no longer available at all.

JANÁČEK: *Sinfonietta, Op. 60. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* London LD-9223.

THE OPENING of this important work immediately dispels any thought that *this* Sinfonietta might be of chamber music proportions. The orchestra includes twelve trumpets, two bass trumpets, and two tenor tubas, but nowhere is the effect one of meaningless clangor. The Sinfonietta is now fiery, now lyrical, now blunt, now mysterious, but unvaryingly *musical*. Kubelik's sympathy with the music is obvious, and the men of the *Philharmoniker* outdid themselves for him. The engineers met what must have been a really staggering challenge with remarkable success.

Kubelik—"sympathy with the music is obvious."

Two other recordings of the Sinfonietta have been available here, one of them still current. The recently deleted Urania by Vaclav Neumann and the Orchestra of Radio Leipzig was also thoroughly idiomatic in interpretation, and the orchestra, while nothing like the Vienna Philharmonic, did credit to its conductor, but the recorded sound was rather primitive, even when compared with less stunning examples than the rival London issue.

Jascha Horenstein's performance on Vox is, like the Urania, offered in the more convenient format of a single twelve-inch side, but neither Horenstein nor the Vox engineers succeeded in presenting the distinct, biting sonorities that give the Sinfonietta its exciting character.

That the Kubelik version has not been transferred to a twelve-inch side is nothing short of stupefying. Surely it would have made a more appropriate "filler" for Kubelik's album of the Slavonic Dances than Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," which is used for side four. It is hoped that London will consider reissuing this marvelous recording soon.

HANDEL: *Double Concerto in F major. Hans von Benda conducting the Berlin Chamber Orchestra.* Telefunken LGM-65022.

LONDON THOUGHT enough of all its Telefunken, Oiseau-Lyre, and London International releases to present them all in individual boxes, but all but a handful have disappeared for good. Haydn Society recently reissued its twelve-inch disc of two Handel concerti for winds and strings, including this one, but the playing on that record is nothing like this one. The music, mainly Handel's own arrangements of vocal choruses from his oratorios, is grandiose and full of audacious display for the wind. The trills and flourishes come off gloriously in the Telefunken, as they do not in the Haydn Society disc.

Who is Hans von Benda, and what is the Berlin Chamber Orchestra? The orchestra seems to be drawn from the Berlin Philharmonic, but I have been able to find no information at all on Benda, whose few recordings were all of unusual interest. Notable among these was a pairing of the Second and Fifth Brandenburg Concerti, also on Telefunken.

Benda's more spacious tempi make it unlikely that this recording could be made to fit a single twelve-inch side, and it's rather short weight for two, so we shall probably not see it in our catalogues again, but undoubtedly a few copies remain in the shops, and, with or without the box, this is a find.

BIZET: *"La jolie fille de Perth": Suite, arr. Beecham;* DELIUS: *Over the Hills and Far Away. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia ML-2133.

IT MAY BE stretching things a bit to mention this record here, since the Delius side has already been transferred to a twelve-inch disc that includes the complete "Hassan" score, and there are several current versions of the Bizet. However, it is in the particular realm of such relative lightweights as Bizet and Chabrier that Sir Thomas works some of his most stunning magic. It was he who arranged the Bizet suite performed here, and his recording included *two* "Serenades" (setting off the March). There is that ineluctable something, in the

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Actors as Readers

By JOHN CIARDI

THE new releases of readings on record feature a number of albums in which actors read poetry and lead inevitably enough to the question of what an actor can do for a poem. What the poet can do for it when he reads his own works, is to preserve the original voice. Whether he reads well or badly, the poet's reading has a special authenticity. Most poets do, as a matter of fact, read their own poems rather well, and some read them superbly. But no matter how badly he manages his voice box, the poet's tone, his breath groupings, and his speech habits of slide-and-stress are important clues and should be preserved.

An actor's reading can have no such special claim to interest. The actor's work is to perform the poem, and my general feeling (here subject to revision) has always been that actors simply do not know enough about the kind of performance a poem is. For the oral imagination of poetry, though it is profoundly related to a sense of the speaking voice, is not the same thing as speech. The poet in the act of composition does not actually hear his poem aloud. He "hears" it, rather, in the inner ear, as an abstract and imagined thing—very much, I believe, as the composer of a symphony "hears" in the act of composition, not the orchestra but an "idea of the orchestra," an idea perhaps purer than fact.

There are these two voices and in poetry I want to call them the *speaking voice* and the *metric voice*. Good reading must keep both voices alive; one must hear both the dramatic and the poetic values of the saying. The actor must blend his voice flawlessly into one's sense of the poet's metric voice, or one will quarrel.

On some such grounds I find myself quarreling with Cyril Cusack's reading of Gerard Manley Hopkins (Caedmon, TC 1111, $5.95). Cusack reads Hopkins as if the poems had been written for the stage. That is to say, he dramatizes them as emotional statements. In so doing he captures all the gentleness of the ascetic in Hopkins, but flatly misses the metric force—one must, in fact, say the metric violence—of Hopkins the poet. Cusack's reading of "Pied Beauty" is characteristic of the failure I sense. Not only is the poem read much too slowly to give any sense of its metric whirlwind, but the stresses are consistently misrendered, even to the point of reading the last line of stanza one without special stress on "all trades"—and that despite the fact that Hopkins had scored those words with special accents, writing it: "And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim." To ignore so emphatic a notation strikes me as not only captious but flagrant.

Anthony Quayle's readings from "Paradise Lost" (Caedmon, TC 1093, 2-12", $11.90) are an ambitious project. Quayle reads all of Book One on sides one and two, and all but 100 lines or so of Book Four on the remaining two sides; which is to say approximately 1,700 lines in two gulps. I find Quayle a shade more impressive in his reading of Book One. There the voice is big and fervent, yet dry and pedantic in the narration and convincingly primal when it speaks Satan's lines, without losing sensitivity to the great, rolling metric of Milton's blank-verse paragraphs. I feel some doubt toward the end of Book One where, in describing the building of the Infernal Temple, the narrator's voice loses specific character and tends to become a generalized stage-voice. And I feel, more powerfully, the same objection toward the end of side three where Satan, soliloquizing on how he will tempt Adam and Eve, runs through a number of painful lines sounding like Hamlet in inner-debate. But Quayle rises past my doubts for a tremendous final climax in his handling of Satan's defiance of Gabriel, and whatever my reservations, I am left assured that they are smaller than my admirations of an ambitious and impressive performance.

It is, however, Sir Ralph Richardson's reading of the poetry of Blake (Caedmon, TC 1101, $5.95) that stays in my mind as the great reading. Richardson brings everything to the poems. Necessarily ecstatic, his voice still distinguishes meaningfully between the dramatic values of the "Songs of Innocence" and of the "Songs of Experience." And it does so with what I will risk calling total sensitivity to the metric values of the poems—to the line-end values, to the rhyme punctuation, to the stanza rhythms, and to the thrust and counter-thrust of the total poetic structure. This is the voice for these poems and it is impossible to imagine how they could be read better.

"An Anthology of American Poetry to 1900" read by David Allen, Nancy Marchand and David Hooks (Lexington 7550/5, 2-12", $11.90) is well rendered though the poems obviously offer less opportunity than those in the Caedmon releases. Certainly the effort to put earlier American poetry into the growing library of recorded readings is well conceived, and I hope that many schools will use this album, if only as a recourse from the libelous misreading of all but a few (and bless them especially) schoolteachers. All three readers do well, though I doubt some of David Allen's line-end values. Of the three I prefer Hooks.

The remaining releases are all prose readings. As such, they involve no special question of metric sensitivity, but only of dramatic projection, and since all of them are grandly cast, there is little to say of them other than to cheer. Joan Greenwood, Stanley Holloway, and a happy supporting cast turn in loving performances of "Alice in Wonderland" (Caedmon, TC 1097, $5.95) and of "Through the Looking Glass" (Caedmon, TC 1098, $5.95). Joan Greenwood's funny-little puckered-up voice with its surprising huskinesses does wonderfully well for Alice, and Stanley Holloway as the narrator manages to sound like the Uncle Dudley of all childhood. I am joined in my enthusiasm by my fellow-critics-in-residence, Myra (age seven), Jonnel (age six) and Benn (age four-and-one-half-almost), who ask me to thank Alice and "the man" for a very fine bedtime story.

The final release may seem at first blush even more special than some others, but I hope no one will be side-tracked by that possible first impression. It is Claire Bloom's reading with harp accompaniment by Osian Ellis of "Tristan and Iseult" in the Bedier translation (Caedmon, TC 1106, $5.95). It is probably well to stress that the Bedier translation is the great compilation from the original twelfth-century sources and is markedly different from the big dark thing Wagner made of it. Claire Bloom undertakes to recreate the reading exactly as it might have been recited by a wandering bard in a great castle hall, and she makes a magnificently moving performance of it. The reading is a bit slow in getting started, but any doubts I may feel toward the end of side one are swept aside in a pure and happy emotional experience of the narrative as it gathers to its climax on the second side. Put me down as an enthusiast. And let me guess that anyone who gives the performance a chance will find himself captured by it.

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Recordings in Review

The Beethoven Masses

BEETHOVEN: *Mass in C, opus 86. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, with Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano, Monica Sinclair, alto, Richard Lewis, tenor, and Marion Nowakowski, bass.* Capitol SG 7168, $5.98. *Missa Solemnis (opus 123). Walter Goehr conducting the North German Philharmonic Orchestra, with Uta Graf, soprano, Grace Hoffman, alto, Helmut Kretschmar, tenor, and Albert Wenk, bass.* Urania USD 1025-2, $11.90.

THE APPEARANCE, simultaneously, of new versions of Beethoven's two settings of the Mass (both in stereo) is less remarkable, perhaps, for the variable treatment of the "Missa Solemnis" than for the almost great one of the Mass in C. For the much larger "Missa Solemnis" is a historical masterwork that has, in recent years, been challenged by such conductors as Toscanini, Böhm and Klemperer, while the briefer, earlier Mass in C has rarely been considered worthy of such an effort as Beecham provides on its behalf.

In this respect, it adds merely one more to a sizable repertory (including certain works of Handel and Mozart, the whole literature of Berlioz) which has come to mean something durable to us through the interest aroused by Beecham. As those who have heard the Mass at some time or other are aware, it is on no such heroic scale as the "Missa," rather a much more intimate, confiding expression, which makes a bridge from the choral works of Haydn to the later ones in which Beethoven cleared the path to be followed by Brahms and Verdi.

It has its own approach to sublimity, however, (sometimes by way of Handel's example) infinitely appealing as "Fidelio" is. Not only in the justice with which he has balanced vocal and instrumental elements (including the organ) but in the strength and fervor of his own feeling for the music, Beecham has added vastly to the repute of this score. There is a strong sense of contrast between the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria," also between the "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei" which shows Beecham's awareness that Beethoven's approach to the problem was not without its theatrical elements. Much more could be said about the order of accomplishment (the vocal group is competent rather than distinguished) without adding to the essential point that this is a recording to cherish, and one not likely to be excelled in any foreseeable time. The stereo adds splendors of breadth and detail to the excellent sound.

What Goehr has done with the opportunities of the "Missa," on the other hand, is likely to retain interest only until a really qualified interpretation is available. His intentions are all virtuous ones, but the "Missa" requires a director with a controlling hand of iron, a heart of flame and a mind of icy objectivity. These are hardly at his disposal, with the consequence that big moments tend to be diminished in scope, tempi adjusted for ease of execution, the mood of the "Benedictus" reduced from celestial eloquence to earthly sentiment. Moreover, his solo singers are simply not good enough for these tricky requirements, his solo violin becoming lost except when they are not singing. There are disparities of balance elsewhere resulting, mainly, from the conflicting demands of orchestra, solo singers, and chorus.

Van Beinum's Debussy

DEBUSSY: *"La Mer" and "Nocturnes." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, and the Collegium Musicum Amstelodamensum.* Epic BC 1020, $5.98.

AS MANY MUSIC lovers are doubtless aware, the number of recordings to come of the late van Beinum's works must stand at whatever total they had reached on April 13, 1959, when he collapsed and died during a rehearsal of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam. The news was not wholly surprising, for (as detailed in an article by Alexander L. Ringer in *SR* Aug 31, 1957), van Beinum had suffered from a heart ailment for a number of years, and was forced to suspend his activities between 1950 and 1951.

Unfortunately, the opportunity for Americans to hear the kind of fine-grained, sensitive performance exemplified by this superb-sounding Debussy was limited to a series of guest performances with the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Symphony of the Air, a tour by the Concertgebouw Orchestra in 1954, and an all-too-brief period with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in 1957.

It is with a real sense of loss that one realizes that the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam no longer means the artistry of Eduard van Beinum.

Van Beinum—"fine-grained, sensitive performances."

There have been more iridescent, luminous versions of "La Mer" than van Beinum's (Toscanini's in particular, suggesting that one's "Mer" was the Mediterranean, the other the North Sea). But his Debussy is fervently poetic, musically distinguished and touched, tonally, with the rich brass hues and warm string sound which the conductor and his performers shaped together.

London's London

WAGNER: *"Die Frist ist um" ("Fliegende Holländer"), "Was duftet doch der Flieder" and "Wahn, Wahn" ("Die Meistersinger"), "Leb' wohl" ("Die Walküre"). George London, baritone, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch.* London OS 25044, $5.98.

THIS IS CLEARLY the most impressive record George London has yet put to his credit, fervent, vocally full-formed, and textually satisfying at every point. And if it is so, an equal share of the credit undoubtedly belongs to conductor Knappertsbusch, whose molding of line and phrase, period and page has never been more impressive or sculptural in its sense of design and continuity.

One can, of course, take issue with the length of time it takes Knappertsbusch to get from point to point. But if there is any fundamental verity where the interpretation of music is concerned, it is that tempo and pace are relative matters, that an integrated

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relationship of parts can carry conviction on either side of a theoretical norm, given the vision and purpose to make the conception work.

In this instance, for example, all the excerpts are formulated in such a way that London can form the phrases naturally and without strain, breathe comfortably and match his climaxes with those of Knappertsbusch. Yet there is always an inner tension, a tight drawing of reins which never grow slack or loose in the conductor's hands. What this promises for the future of London's Sachs or Wotan, one can only speculate; but a total characterization of either (the Dutchman, also) on the level of these beautifully sung episodes would be something to hear.

Tops of the "Pops"

GADE: *"Jalousie"*; KETELBEY: *"In a Persian Market"*; WALDTEUFEL: *"Skater's Waltz"*; SOUSA: *"Stars and Stripes Forever"*; FALLA: *"Ritual Fire Dance" ("El Amor Brujo")*; LISZT: *"Liebestraum"*; MENDELSSOHN: *"War March of the Priests" ("Athalie")*; CHABRIER: *"España."* *Arthur Fiedler directing the Boston "Pops" Orchestra.* RCA Victor LSC 2270, $5.98.

AS THE CITATION of titles shows, this is a "Who's Who" of best selling "Pops" discs over the past two-and-a-half decades, compressed into one raisin-cake of melodic goodies. It is, also, probably the cheapest per-slice serving of such abundant calories of pop nourishment we have ever had.

Examined for quality rather than quantity, however, it strikes me that the old-time spanking humors and "professors' holiday" feeling that used to be purveyed through the Boston "Pops" treatments of "Jalousie" and "Stars and Stripes Forever" is lacking these days. To be sure, the differences are minute, and do not detract from the commercial displacement; but, for those who used to relish them in artistic terms as well, there is not the degree of free-booting verve and unleashed animation that used to prevail.

At the same time, RCA's musical director Richard Mohr and recording engineer Lewis Layton have collected about as much of the sound generated by "Jalousie," "España" or the others as is stereophonically possible. Just what kind of recording set up was used in Symphony Hall is not stated, but the reverberation period is almost audible as the conductor waits for one chord to die away before proceeding with another section. Sometimes there is kind of an enveloping haze that may have to do with that same reverberation period.

Tonal Gold from Wagner's Rhine

TWO AND A HALF HOURS, plus, with this remarkable trio of records (London OSA 1309, $17.94) leaves little doubt of two things: "Rheingold" is perhaps the greatest little-known opera score left to us, and this performance of it is high in the ranks of all-time great opera recordings. From the first solid E flats of the low bass instruments to the last vibrant D flat chord of the full orchestra, it moves with certainty and purpose under the encompassing direction of Georg Solti and the matched abilities of a nearly flawless cast.

To speak of a work in existence for nearly 105 years as "little known" may seem an exaggeration; but, of all the "Ring" dramas, it is the least frequently performed; and again, of all the "Ring" dramas, it has been the last to be adequately represented on records.

Even those who have been hearing it, sporadically, for several decades will find that listening to it at leisure, score in hand, is akin to a new experience. For, it will be recalled, it dates from 1853, but a half a dozen years after the composition of "Lohengrin," (a period of exile in which Wagner wrote little music). Here we are plunged at once into a new realm of fantasy and tonal realization, possessed of the extraordinary characteristic that *everything* looks ahead, nothing back—as long a leap into the future of an art as any artist ever accomplished with such success. Here, certainly, is the genesis of "Tristan" (as in the workup of a brief motive when Loge and Wotan descend into Nibelheim), even a suggestion of the humor that makes itself fully evident in "Meistersinger." As for the architectural sense that keeps the drama in progress and the flow of music uninterrupted through the full two and a half hours of "Rheingold," it is a feat of endurance rarely matched by even Wagner himself.

All these things, and many more, give a significance far beyond the ordinary accomplishment of a difficult task to those who brought this "Rheingold" into being. There are at least four interpretations that can stand as models for the way the roles should be produced (in a dramatic-vocal sense): Gustav Neidlinger's splendid Alberich, the crafty Loge of Set Svanholm, the quietly reserved, invariably apt Fricka of Kirsten Flagstad, and with just a shade of reservation for some vocally dry spots, the Wotan of George London. Neidlinger's characterization is really sung (a novelty among Alberichs), but it never loses its undertone of malice, rising to a fearsome climax in the "Curse;" Svanholm knows every nuance of the text and delivers it artfully; Flagstad has every resource at her command for Fricka, and London is imposing in artistry, managing to suggest Wotan's strength as well as his indecision.

With the single exception of Jean Madeira, whose Erda strikes me as capable enough, but lacking the vocal grandeur wanted (too bad Flagstad could not have been persuaded to undertake the double assignment), the subordinate roles are equal in quality to the major: an especially appealing Fasolt by Walter Kreppel and an expert Mime by Paul Kuen, being typical of the strong work by Fafner (Kurt Boehme), Froh (Waldemar Kmentt), Freia (Claire Watson), Donner (Eberhard Wachter) and the Rhinemaidens.

So much has been made of the recording itself in reports from abroad that one almost hesitated to put it on for fear it might spoil the ear for any other record ever made. The fear is groundless. It is perhaps the greatest demonstration to date of the possibilities of stereo, especially in its justice to the marvellous sound of the Vienna Philharmonic (the climax of Donner's thunderstroke is practically visible), the enveloping sound of the eighteen anvils in the Nibelheim episodes, the suspended-in-space effect of the Rhinemaidens vis-a-vis Alberich, and such fine spun effects as Flagstad's "Wehe, Wehe!" which picks up the timbre of the same phrase as it was previously played by the clarinet.

There are, also, some well-considered efforts to make this a "spectacle" for the ears, by the movement of persons from here to there, the clank of metal when the gold is being delivered to Wotan, the crack of a whip when Alberich is flaying Mime, the scream, as of a thousand voices, when the helpless Nibelheimers are being abused. All these details are shrewdly conceived, but there are times when the voices strike me as remote and out of focus, or when the level reserved for the sound of the full ensemble makes a solo singer sound distant and puny. However these minor lapses seem so only in relation to the major splendors, in an accomplishment which adds a masterpiece of craftsmanship and teamwork to the lore of phonography.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in C, opus 56. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra with David Oistrakh, violin, S. Knushevitzky, cello, and Lev Oborin, piano. Angel S 35697, $5.98. Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic, with J. Corigliano, violin, L. Rose, cello, and W. Hendl, piano. Columbia ML 5368, $4.98.	The embarrassment of riches represented by these two issues of the spirited but rarely performed "Triple" is more apparent than actual, for the Walter was originally issued as a ten-inch disc (the Leonore No. 3 is here offered as bonus), and is at a tonal disadvantage beside the contemporary, spacious sound of the Sargent-directed performance. Moreover, though I would have not thought it possible to prefer Sir Malcolm as a Beethoven interpreter, the soloists are treated by Walter as mere integers in the total expression, whereas with Sargent it is plainly they whose conception is central, his effort which is supporting. Thus it is an excellent trio performing with sympathetic assistance, rather than a group of performers carrying out the conductor's concept. Angel continues its stylish stereo: uniformly excellent, without striving for the sensational.
Beethoven: Concerto, op. 61. Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 1992, $5.98.	It is hardly possible to play this work with finer sound than Heifetz provides, a fact which the intensifying scrutiny of stereo makes categorical. Munch is obviously at one with the wishes of his illustrious associate, and provides a reading of the orchestral score both sizable and well-controlled. What leaves me less than wholly satisfied is a certain reticence of manner when there are no technical complications in the solo part, as for example in the slow movement.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5, "Consecration of the House" overture. Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 710,006, $5.98.	Though still short of thirty, Maazel shows strong capacities and worthwhile musical inclinations in this exacting undertaking. However, he tends to stress dynamic contrasts unduly, and the orchestral sound he evokes is rarely beautiful in itself. The transition from scherzo to finale is skillfully made, the treatment of the overture both energetic and purposeful.
Grofé: Grand Canyon suite. Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra. Westminster WST 14065, $5.98.	Utah is considerably closer, geographically, to the Grand Canyon than Pennsylvania, but Abravanel is much further from it, musically, than Ormandy was with the Philadelphia orchestra in a version offered some months ago. As in some Gershwin issued last year, Abravanel's tempi are at variance with anything considered appropriate before, especially in "On the Trail" which approaches a galop. Good stereo of indifferent orchestral sound.
Mozart: Concertos No. 11 in F, and No. 20 in D minor. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with Alexander Schneider conducting. Columbia MS 6049, $5.98.	If the continuing appearance of Mozart concerti performed by Serkin augurs a complete series, they could hardly fare better than in the collaboration with Schneider which has already produced results of high quality. There is more than efficiency and musicality in the interaction of the S's and the personnel: there is a mood and pulse, a common sense of pleasure in the task at hand which communicates itself to the listener. The F major is as fresh a delight (especially in the slow movement) as the D minor is an enduring masterwork. Fine sound.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 4 (op. 47/112). G. Rozhdestvenski conducting the State Radio Orchestra of the U S S R. MGM GC 30001, $4.98.	According to information provided with the record, the later opus number respects extensive revision and expansion which the composer completed not long before his death. As heard here, however, it does not seem to me that it fulfills, as a totality, the promise of its parts any more than it did in a recording of the earlier version directed by George Sebastian. Rozhdestvenski (presently in this country as alternate conductor of the Bolshoi Ballet) does his work well, and the recording is in the upper bracket of Soviet fidelity without qualifying as "high."
Prokofiev: "Cinderella" excerpts. Robert Irving conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35529, $5.98.	Whether Angel or Capitol, this is "capital" treatment by Irving of a score which grows in interest and appeal as its relationship to other works of his later years clarifies. Included are about twenty-five of the approximately fifty numbers in the total score (whether they were all utilized in the Royal Ballet's production I couldn't say). Irving makes a consecutive thing of the sequence utilized, and there are some notable details in the solo playing.
Schubert: Symphony in B minor. Artur Rodzinski conducting. Westminster WST 14052, $5.98.	If it appears to take the late Rodzinski longer to finish the "unfinished" than the generality of conductors, that is a deception for which the manufacturer is largely responsible. There are, in all, twenty-four minutes of music on the *two* sides (this is the only LP version of the "Unfinished" to which nothing additional is offered), nor does the stereo justify the use of two sides for it (indeed, Westminster couples the same performance with the Beethoven No. 5 on XWN 18700).
Shostakovitch: Concerto No. 2, Ravel: Concerto in G. Leonard Bernstein pianist-conductor, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6043, $5.98.	Trivial is the word for this mechanically deft but otherwise vapid work of Shostakovitch in which Bernstein fingers adeptly the patterns written for the composer's son Maxim. The Ravel is a work Bernstein has played well on a number of occasions, including a previous recording. This one is sprightly and affecting by turns, and well stereoed.
Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 1, Prelude in E flat minor, "Lady Macbeth" (entr'acte). Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air. United Artists UAS 8004, $4.98.	As the first American conductor to record this work (in 1932), Stokowski retains rights of eminent domain which carry over into its first stereo version. The performance sounds to me a little weighty for the music in the score, but it is certainly produced with care and admirable attention to orchestral detail. The prelude is an orchestrated piano piece previously recorded by Stokowski, the entr'acte a noisy representation of "Passion." The Bob Blake-produced stereo is first class.
Von Suppé: "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna," Reznicek: "Donna Diana" overture, Strauss: "Fledermaus" overture, "Radetzky" march, Lehar: "Gold and Silver" waltz, Strauss (Josef): "Music of the Spheres." Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. Capitol SG 7167, $5.98.	Finesse and fine sound are the prominent ingredients of this potpourri, which shows Kempe as capable of the standard Viennese manner as sundry of his colleagues. Wisely, he does not impose unwanted restraints on the players, his influence being felt mainly in the subtle balancing of choirs, the expressive woodwind blend with the suave strings. Good listening in either form of reproduction. (Heuberger's "Opernball" overture is also contained in the sequence.)
Wagner: Prelude to "Meistersinger," Weber: Overture to "Oberon," Rossini: "Italiana in Algeri" overture, Mozart: "Nozze di Figaro" overture, Beethoven: "Leonore No. 3," Verdi: "Forza del Destino" prelude. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol SP 8465, $5.98.	Leinsdorf makes much of the opportunity provided by the orchestra's excellent personnel to realize some worthwhile ideals of precision, clarity and finesse in the performance of the chosen works. However there tends to be more prose than poetry in such works as "Oberon" and "L'Italiana in Algeri," an inclination to drive ahead to the next point while the listener is still absorbing the preceding one. Leinsdorf is at his best in the Beethoven overture, which is dramatically concentrated and tonally spacious, likewise finding much that is sympathetic to him in the Verdi. Top technical quality in all ways. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Prelude in E, Mendelssohn: Spinning Song, Schubert: "Moment Musical" (op. 90, No. 3), Prokofieff: "Suggestion Diabolique," Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, Debussy: "Clair de lune," etc. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca DL 79991, $5.98.	In its purely technical aspects, this is one of Slenczynska's best records: clear as mountain water, crisp as fall air. As the works are shorter, less weighty than most of those she has recorded previously, the moods are more completely comprehended, the emotional content better realized, especially in the Prokofieff, Liszt, Mendelssohn, and the opus 23, No. 6 prelude of Rachmaninoff. Also included are the Moussorgsky "Hopak" arranged by Rachmaninoff, the Villa-Lobos "Moreninha," and the A flat polonaise of Chopin. The stereo sound throughout is adroitly handled.
Bach: Chaconne. Lecture-recital. Yehudi Menuhin, violin. B & C Recordings, BC 13228.	An illuminating commentary on the famous masterpiece, in which almost everything Menuhin says to his audience of youthful listeners at Bryn Mawr College is clearly thought out, effectively articulated and productive of interest for lay listeners and musicians alike. This applies both to the constructional procedures, the violinistic problems it poses, and the musical substance. However the frequently interpolated musical examples are roughly played. The record is available from "ARTS & AUDIENCES Inc." (10 E. 39th St, NYC).
Beethoven: Sonata in A (op. 47), Schumann: Fantasy in C (op. 131). Leonid Kogan, violin, with Grigori Ginsburg and Andre Mitnik, pianists. MGM GC 30003, $4.98.	Two beautiful examples of highly accomplished string performance, admirably coordinated with a thoroughly qualified pianist in each instance. Kogan has every intellectual qualification for a notable performance of the "Kreutzer," but, like many otherwise well-equipped virtuosi before him, not quite the tonal body to give the demanding work all it requires. His attributes and the needs of Schumann are in happy conjunction, with Mitnik an equal contributor to the result. Satisfactory if not outstanding recording.
Berkeley: Trio. Dennis Brain, horn, Colin Horsley, piano, and Manoug Parikian, violin. Mozart: Quintet in E flat, K. 452. Brain, Horsley, L. Brain, oboe, Stephen Waters, clarinet, and Cecil James, bassoon. Capitol G 7175, $4.98.	The order of "display" here is not related to the merits of the works involved, but rather to a desire to give the substantial score of Lennox Berkeley a degree of prominence it might otherwise sacrifice to the established eminence of Mozart. There are some moments, early in the going, when Berkeley seems to lack a personal accent, but it emerges more strongly in the Lento, and the finale with ten variations. In them it is apparent that Berkeley has a real, if austere, poetic quality. As the other representative versions of the Mozart (Serkin and Gieseking) are both coupled with the Beethoven quintet, a choice may well turn on the companion piece desired.
Bizet: "Carmen" (excerpts). Conchita Supervia, mezzo, with M. Micheletti, tenor, Gustave Cloëz conducting. Odéon XOC 121, $5.95.	The appearance in the American market of Odéon pressings from France brings with it the welcome restoration of these long-admired excerpts (no longer available on the Decca disc in which they circulated in the early days of LP). Included in Supervia's inimitably graceful, expressive and beautifully colored vocalization are the "Habanera," "Seguidilla," "Chanson Bohème," "Je vais danser" and "Non, tu ne m'aimes pas," the Card Scene (with Mlles. Vavon and Bernadet) and "C'est toi? C'est moi!" Both interesting and informative, the disc is one that belongs in every collection of representative operatic interpretation. Much has been done to improve the quality of reproduction, most of all by a quiet LP surface.
Brahms: Sonatas, opus 120 (in F minor, and E flat). William Primrose, viola, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Capitol P 8478, $4.98.	Either in their first form for clarinet or in the alternate usage for viola, these sonatas are somewhat less than totally attractive, tending to monotony of mood. Unquestionably, however, the E flat is a richer, more strongly conceived work than the F minor, and it benefits from the strength of Primrose's belief in it, the warmly sensitive collaboration of Firkusny and the superior blend of elements arranged by the engineers.
Mascagni: "Cavalleria Rusticana," Franca Zanelli, Renata Castro, Luigi Visetti, and Renzo Ferrari (Alfio), with the Lombard Promenade Chorus and orchestra directed by Giovanni Falco. Period SHO 317, $1.98.	Those curious as to how "Cavalleria" might sound in a provincial Italian opera house without going to the trouble of making an on-the-spot inspection will find many marks of the genre on this effort: plentiful vigor, strong voices, not much flexibility of style, and crude dramatics. The unknown names suggest young singers, but there is not much material of future promise here save, perhaps, the Lola of Renata Castro. It all pounds along in standard "hot-blooded" fashion, with not much more distinction in the recording than in the singing.
Mozart: "Il mio tesoro," "Dalla sua pace" ("Don Giovanni"), "Bildnisarie" ("Zauberflöte"), "O wie ängstlich" ("Seraglio"), Weber: "Durch die Wälder" ("Freischütz"), Bizet: "Air de fleur" ("Carmen"), Lalo: "Aubade" ("Le Roi d'Ys"). Richard Tauber, tenor. Odéon OD 1031, $4.00.	A companion issue to the Supervia noted above, this bouquet of melodic blossoms may help to restore the late Tauber's reputation to a rightly place of pre-eminence with a public which has not had much opportunity to judge his qualities of late. I would not say the tension of the voice or its quality are ideal for "Il mio tesoro" or "Dalla sua pace," but he does some cherishable things in both of these, as he does with a more consistent blend of means and purpose in the "Bildnisarie," the "Seraglio" excerpt, "Durch die Wälder," etc. Here, too, the maximum values in the old masters have been realized through careful technical work, and pressings of excellent quality. It may be noted that this is a ten-inch disc (its partner, OD 1022, is a collation of Lehar, plus Schubert's "Serenade").
Moussorgsky: "Pictures," Ravel: "Alborada del Gracioso," "Pavane pour une Infante défunte." Philippe Entremont, piano. Columbia ML 5366, $4.98.	Entremont is clearly an accomplished technician, and his musical impulses are usually worthy of admiration, though his powers of projection sometimes fall short of the objectives to which they are directed. In this collection, Entremont becomes increasingly more adept as the length of the task in hand diminishes—with the Moussorgsky energetically pursued, but rather elusive to his grasp, the "Alborada" better sustained, and the "Pavane" altogether successful.
Schubert: Mass in A flat (No. 5). Carl Bamberger conducting the North German Philharmonic Chorus and orchestra, with Anne Bollinger, soprano, Ursula Zollenkopf, mezzo, Helmut Kretschmar, tenor, and James Pease, bass. Urania USD 1028, $5.95.	It is a relative rarity these days to find a recorded performance which fails of its effect because of inefficient technical work, but this is one. Bamberger's direction appears to have the sense of the work under control, but the soloists are distant from the microphone, (perhaps to favor the choral pickup), and an element apart from, rather than blended with, the orchestra and chorus. This is unfortunate, for the Mass is a work of quality which could make a considerable impression, given suitable reproduction. Obviously the use of stereo techniques does not improve these fundamental shortcomings.
Strauss: Serenade in E flat, Milhaud: Suite Française, Grainger: "Lincolnshire Posy," Rogers: Three Japanese Dances. Frederick Fennell and the Eastman Wind Ensemble. Mercury MG 50173, $3.98.	Those who relish wind instruments more than the music in which they are usually heard are indebted to Fennell for assembling so attractive a combination of the known (Strauss and Milhaud) and the unknown (Grainger and Rogers). There is a gratifying freshness in Grainger's treatment of English folk music, and more than a little diverting color in the Rogers (Carol Down Moyer is the able mezzo for the "Mourning Dance"). Excellent sound in both modes. —I.K.

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Two Centuries of Opera

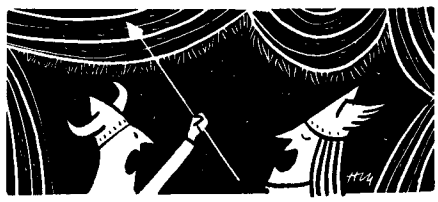
By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THAT the years since World War II have bred a renaissance of opera is proved by the long lists of performances everywhere in such specialized publications as the English *Opera* and the American *Opera News*. The ever-increasing recorded repetitions of standard repertoire operas and the appearance on LP, with stereo and without, of relatively obscure operas guarantee that the renaissance pervades in depth as well as in height. A present batch extends in time from 1712 to 1956.

First comes "Tetide in Sciro" ("Thetis in Skyros"), a reconstructed opera by Domenico Scarlatti (Westminster OPW 1305, $14.95). Long believed lost, it was recovered in almost complete score in Venice in 1953 by Padre Terenzio Zardini of the Friars Minor, who himself did the necessary editing and realization. It is a chamber opera in three acts with a cast of six supported by strings, two flutes, oboe, and harpsichord. Almost two and one half centuries after it was first performed in Rome in 1712, "Tetide in Sciro" was revived in concert form in Padre Zardini's version at Milan on October 21, 1958, part of the commemoration of the bicentenary of Scarlatti's death. The recorded performance is a version of what was heard in Milan, the stringent cuts scrupulously indicated in the text accompanying the records.

Aladar Janes conducts the Angelicum Orchestra of Milan and a cast of unfamiliar singers in a pleasant, unexciting reading of a charming Handelian (or, better, Piccinnian) opera little like what we know of operas by Domenico Scarlatti's great father, Alessandro. Anyone expecting to hear in this opera much music of the sort in which Domenico's harpsichord pieces glory will be disappointed; nor does "Tetide in Sciro" suggest that the apparent loss of Domenico's other operas (he is thought to have written about twelve) has robbed us of music dramas stageable under modern conditions. The vocal writing here is neither intensely expressive nor intensely idiomatic in the way that Domenico's composing for harpsichord was. The recording as such is both clear and neatly balanced.

A little more than six decades passes after the Rome première of "Tetide in Sciro"—crucial decades for opera's evolution as an artistic genre—and we are confronted by the young genius who would become perhaps the greatest of all opera composers. The opera is "La Finta Giardiniera" ("The Girl Who Pretended to Be a Gardener's Assistant"), the composer Mozart, the place Munich, the date of the première January 13, 1775. To a text by Gluck's librettist Ranieri da Calzabigi, the eighteen-year-old Salzburger composed a swift-moving *opera giocosa* in three acts, ignoring—as was the period's custom—the fact that the same text had been set just previously by another composer, Pasquale Anfossi. The recording of "La Finta Giardiniera" (Epic LC 3543, $4.98), with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Camerata Academica of the Salzburger Mozarteum and seven singers, gives us most of the original Italian version rather than the German revision to which Mozart himself gave blessing in 1779. A de-



light from beginning to end, the opera benefits immeasurably from excellent performance and recording, though Austrian singers still pronounce such an Italian word as *"questo"* as if it were *"kvesto."* All Mozarteans, lovers of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" in particular, will find this stylish recording of "La Finta Giardiniera," K.196, a high reward for listening.

One hundred and thirty-one years had elapsed after 1775 when, in 1906, a twenty-three-year-old Italian, already a composer of bright promise, set Giovanni Chelodi's text "L'Uccellino d'Oro" ("The Little Bird of Gold") as "a musical folk tale in three acts." Riccardo Zandonai never entirely kept that young promise, though his "Francesca da Rimini" and "Conchita" have stayed in the Italian repertoire. The recording of "L'Uccellino d'Oro" (Westminster OPW 11034, $4.98), with Silvio de Florian conducting the Angelicum Chorus and Orchestra of Milan and a double cast of eight singers and five speakers, is a curiosity rather than a musical or operatic event. Mozart at eighteen was in possession of much of his mature style; Zandonai at twenty-three had no style at all. Constantly he seems to be trying to repair the lack by vocal fireworks, theatrical *coups*, over-insistence. The recording is admirable, the performance better than adequate—but I found listening to "L'Uccellino d'Oro" a boring task rather than a pleasure.

Two world wars and nearly half a century go by, and on February 11, 1952, the Peabody Opera Company of Baltimore presents "The Tenor," a one-act opera by the Czech-born American composer Hugo Weisgall. Its text, by Karl Shapiro and Ernst Lert, is based on "Der Kammersänger" by Frank Wedekind (whose gamy tragedies of sex were drawn upon for the libretto of Alban Berg's unfinished opera, "Lulu"). In the excellent Westminster Recording (OPW 1206, $9.95), Herbert Grossman conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and a cast of six singers, including Richard Cassilly as Gerardo, the tenor of the opera's title. Generally the enunciation and pronunciation are excellent, reflecting the composer's belief in the English language; the sense of dramatic "presence" is remarkable, the conducting supple.

Hugo Weisgall, like most of today's composers, uses a stark musical language with a syntax of dissonant counterpoint. In setting forth the sardonic Wedekind story, the language works well: Mr. Weisgall has enhanced the text. Whether he also has succeeded in creating a musico-dramatic entity that numerous listeners will find attractive is a question time must answer. That "The Tenor" ranks high among short contemporary American operas seems to me a certainty.

THE information and texts supplied with these four recordings require comment as adjuncts of an importance that increases with the unfamiliarity of the operas. "Tetide in Sciro" and "L'Uccellino d'Oro" have interesting and useful, though anonymous, notations, understandable synopses of plot, and complete texts in Italian and good English, the latter by Sam Morgenstern. "La Finta Giardiniera" has an excellent full note by Bernhard Paumgartner and an extended synopsis, but neither Italian text nor English translation. "The Tenor" has a brief biographical note on Hugo Weisgall, an excellent critical note by Joseph Kerman, and a handsomely printed, unusually courteous libretto. Many listeners to these recordings will find understanding and pleasure increased by Wesminster's packaging.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Webern by Graham and Balanchine

THE music of the late Anton Webern, which has been rising in esteem if not in popularity during the last half dozen years, received an ultimate accolade in being selected for treatment by the New York City Ballet in the new work titled "Episodes," now being seen at the City Center. Hitherto, the listener has been limited to the aural faculties in undertaking to determine what the Austrian disciple of Schoenberg was trying to do in his increasingly terse and epigrammatic statements; now he has the additional points of reference provided by the visualizations of Martha Graham and George Balanchine to help him make up his mind.

The confusing summary would seem to be, however, that for Miss Graham, Webern provided the music for a Martha Graham dance drama, and for Balanchine, the materials for some typically Georgian intricate and anatomically complex bodyeography (rather than choreography). It was the promise of this association under a single heading that Miss Graham and Balanchine would somehow be engaging in a "collaboration"; actually, the community of music was the only link "Episodes" provided, for Miss Graham's composition was sufficient unto itself (the five-minute break decreed as "intermission" was used up in an unceasing tattoo of applause and a dress parade of bows), the following five creations of Balanchine unrelated.

Whether the results pointed to the conclusion that the personalities of Graham and Balanchine are more positive than that of Webern, it should be added that she chose the early Passacaglia of Opus 1 and the six pieces of Opus 6, while he ventured into the more testing territory of the later, terser works. Indeed, there is a lingering suspicion that Miss Graham's dance drama on the subject of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the emotions that preceded her execution might have worked as well to much other music, though it did no violence to Webern.

Actually, Miss Graham was so long nourished by indifferent as well as different music that the well-trussed structure and constructional balance of Webern may have gratified her no little. In any case, the danced action fell somewhere between attraction to, and disregard for, the musical matter, existing on its own as a series of tableaux and sequences in which the spirit of Mary, with suggestions of Bothwell and the overhanging presence of her adversary Elizabeth, sustained dramatic tension.

As a mood piece, it showed the capacity of Miss Graham to deal with a serious subject seriously, to animate a static concept with patterns of movement suggesting emotional conflict, to lead the threads of thought to a strong theatrical resolution, with Mary kneeling at the block. As dance per se, it impressed me as overdependent on the vocabulary of movement Miss Graham has been using so long, with no particular relevance to this subject. Thus, in essence, it became a study in Grahamish terminology, powerfully applied by the inventor of it in suggestion of her tragic heroine, aptly utilized by Sallie Wilson in a youthful Elizabeth perhaps too radiant for the personality of that monarch. The spare but spacious decor of David Hays added no little to the whole.

Balanchine's responses to Webern were altogether of a different order, representing an effort to penetrate the musical essence of his thinking as well as to respond to the superficial implications of the sounds themselves. My complaint would be that the four separate works, brief as they are, made at least one too many when followed by the longish, six-voiced "Ricercare" of Bach (from "The Musical Offering") whose only relationship to Webern is his arrangement of it for orchestra. In a first retrospect, the least characteristic accomplishment was the opening "Symphony" in which Violette Verdy and Jonathan Watts had the principal roles. It provided an anticipation of what was to follow in being concerned entirely with the physical arrangement and interrelation of the dancers, arms, legs, and torso being used as so many integers in a sum of pattern and movement.

The next three sections utilized the "Five Pieces" of Opus 10 (Diana Adams and Jacques d'Amboise), the compact Concerto Opus 24 (Allegra Kent and Nicholas Magallanes) and the variations of Opus 30 (Paul Taylor). The mere sequence conveys Balanchine's shrewd sense of the values involved, for it balanced the central seriousness of the concerto with the pithy statements of the "Five Pieces" and "Variations," while commenting with sober wit on the grotesquerie and animation of Webern's writing. His is an idiom that may stimulate by irritation and satisfy by cessation (rather than fulfillment), but Balanchine's intertwinings, inverted entrechats (the legs beating above the head as the partners held the girls' bodies upside down) and interrupted cadences of movement seemed to say, if dancing is to music as Fokine is to Chopin, here is action to Webern as 9 is to 6.

In the "Ricercare" of the finale, Balanchine returned to the theme of contrapuntal action to complement contrapuntal music which he has dealt with on numerous occasions, with the added element of forward and retrograde action in the music itself. It aroused admiration for its deftness in departing from literal illustration of "voices" in the movement to a higher kind of imaginative flight in which the spirit of Bach's writing gave rise to a flow of action that was logical, animated and purposeful. It was a foregone conclusion, the "Ricercare" being the kind of composition it is, that the end pattern would duplicate the opening one, but there was nothing foregone about the way in which Balanchine achieved his objective. The performances, especially by Taylor, Miss Kent and Magallanes, were outstanding, the ensemble distinguishing itself in the ending "Episode." Likewise of quality was Robert Irving's musical direction, which made Webern's strands of sound a web on which the action could be displayed rather than a net in which it was trapped.

IN ITS final New York appearance, the Bolshoi Ballet played to a capacity attendance of 13,000 plus in the Madison Square Garden, duplicating the conditions that had prevailed through the week. And to say they "played" to this huge audience is literal fact, for there was as much joyous projection to the distant rear in a composite of "Highlight" items as there was covert attention to the sheer drop of feet from improvised stage to stone floor. Typically, too, there was some fresh impression to come away with: the enlivening talent of Nina Chistova in the "Nutcracker" *pas de deux* showing that the Bolshoi has ballerinas it hasn't used yet. However, its most-used one left the illusion of her fluttering swan in a rightful place beside other championship spectacles of Garden history.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

Carnegie, The Met, Lincoln Center

A COMPOSER SPEAKS

TO PLEAD FOR the preservation of Carnegie Hall is but to echo the sentiment of thousands of music lovers throughout the country. Last year, when I read a paper about it in Nashville, the response in all quarters, including the local press, was surprisingly sympathetic. I pointed out that in 1899, when my family moved to New York (I was a lad of fourteen), this city had two first-class orchestras, the New York Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic. Only later did they merge to form the Philharmonic Symphony or "Phil.-Sym." Orchestra. I said that in my opinion it was high time for New York, with its added millions, to return to the two-orchestra status; the Philharmonic to remain in Carnegie Hall and the new orchestra to be housed in Lincoln Square.

"Yes, but Carnegie Hall is doomed," I can hear some one saying. Very well. Washington Square was likewise "doomed" until recently, when an aroused public opinion thwarted plans for its invasion by traffic.

For sentimental reasons alone Carnegie, one of the world's great concert halls, should be preserved. In 1891, Tchaikovsky made his only voyage to America to dedicate it. In some capacity or other it has housed practically all the world-famous musicians of the past three generations, from Paderewski, Ysaye, Nikisch, Dvorak, Richard Strauss, and Gustav Mahler down to those now active, some of whom no doubt will become "historic."

But aside from sentiment, where can this hall be matched for acoustics? And how can we be sure that the new hall will be its equal in this respect? Already there is one count against the new in its inferior seating capacity, as was pointed out by Mr. Kolodin in the *Saturday Review* of April 25.

WALLINGFORD RIEGGER.

New York, N.Y.

I'VE READ YOUR article in re Lincoln Center, (*SR* April 25) and to my astonishment I did not find anything about what to me has been the overwhelming disaster with the Met Op. That of *storage* . . . for all the years, I've heard from friends IN it, in all types of capacities, say that that was what kept it broke. Well, I'm glad you talked of this situation . . . it seems almost impossible to believe, hope, that it will prove PRACTICAL . . .

BELINDA JELLIFFE.

Butler, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "stage house" is designed to have abundant storage space.*

THANK YOU SO MUCH for printing the article on the Lincoln Center which appeared in the issue of April 25th. Mr. Kolodin's last paragraph contains what appears to me to be about the best and most workable solution of what to do with the beloved old Metropolitan Opera House. As one who has spent the happiest hours of her life under its roof at ballet and opera performances, and who also treasures the old building for its intrinsic aesthetic appeal, I should hate very much to see the "Met" torn down. I know I speak on behalf of many other persons who would like to see it preserved.

My appreciation to you and *SR* for many thought-provoking articles which help to maintain the true spirit of freedom in the United States.

NAN STUART SMITH.

New York, N.Y.

BRAVOS FOR Irving Kolodin. We agree with him that it would be shameful to have a new [opera house] that again demands craning and wiggling of its devoted, poorer patrons.

We were delighted with performances at the new Cologne Opera House in Germany, opened just two years ago May 18th. The "bob-sled" arrangement of balconies (also found in Hamburg) provides a clear view of the whole stage. Promenading during the intermissions provides ample opportunity to admire the gowns and latest coiffures! and that is what the horseshoe was for, wasn't it?

DR. F. A. O. ECKNER.

Salem, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the appearance of "Zero Hour for Lincoln Center" considerably more information has been made available about the present conception of the Center (some details of it are still subject to alteration) especially in reference to the Philharmonic Hall and its capacity. It adds reasons, to those mentioned by composer Riegger, why the loss of Carnegie Hall would be a deprivation for more than sentimental and aesthetic reasons. It has long been a symbol of opportunity for freedom of speech and worship as well as for artistic purposes, and there does not seem too much hope that its non-musical utility—for lectures, conduct of religious services, political meetings, not to mention jazz concerts or similar events—will be taken over by the new Philharmonic Hall.*

More specifically, its utility to the patrons of the lower priced seats will not and cannot be taken over by the new Philharmonic Hall for a simple matter of statistics. In order to provide maximum income for the Philharmonic Orchestra from the 2,400 seats available for subscription sale (100 additional are available for single sale, but cannot be sold by subscription because the space they represent may be required for a chorus from time to time) the lower floor has been enlarged to accommodate 1,400, against 996 in Carnegie Hall. The number of boxes has been sharply curtailed, but the "terrace" seats on the box level are also considered in the same top-price category. There will, in all, be more than 1,730 of the 2,400 seats in the upper-price category, leaving but 660 to be divided between the "terraces" in the cheaper category. This is 178 seats LESS than in the present top balcony alone of Carnegie Hall, and loses at once the category represented by the entire dress circle (414 seats) of Carnegie Hall.

Executive Director Reginald Allen of Lincoln Center describes the new Philharmonic Hall as a "one-class house": meaning that the allotment of space and provisions for creature comfort are the same throughout the price categories. It is, to some extent, as a result of this equality that some sacrifice is made in quantity of seats. The consideration thus displayed is, of course, to be applauded; but there is some question whether the 270 (at least) persons who will be excluded from each sitting of the Philharmonic banquet will find nourishment in the comforts provided for those present. Obviously, the Boston and Philadelphia audiences will have to adapt themselves to the new conditions, as well.

In its broader uses, for recitals and other solo appearances the disposition of seating may call for some revaluation of how the house is to be "scaled". . . . that is, the range of prices from top to bottom. Traditionally, the heaviest demand for Carnegie Hall recitals—except for a Horowitz, a Heifetz, or a Rubinstein—is in the cheaper categories, for which architect Tuttle made abundant provisions in his Carnegie design. The facts may be studied in more graphic comparison by the percentages involved:

CARNEGIE HALL

Lower Floor	996	15/27	55.60%
Boxes	520		
Dress Circle	414	12/27	44.40%
Balcony	838		
	2,768		

PHILHARMONIC HALL

Lower Floor	1400	17/24	70.80%
Boxes	330		
(including "Terrace" on same level)			
Dress Circle	330	7/24	29.20%
Balcony	330		
	2,400		

VON SUPPE TO NUTS

AS A LONGTIME subscriber-admirer, it was a happy surprise to find George Jellinek's very witty article, "If Music Be the Love of Food" about our Royal Hawaiian Hotel "dinner" concerts.

One small correction in seasoning: Honolulu gourmets with developed musical taste buds have been eating these concerts up for three seasons, not one.

In tribute to the author I am considering opening next season's series in the Royal Hawaiian—with an overture by Suppé . . . first course on the menu? Jellinek Consomme, naturally!

GEORGE BARATI.

Honolulu, Hawaii

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ADD FESTIVALS

WE EARNESTLY THANK you for your Guide to European Festivals (*SR* March 28) (which has just reached us). The precise occasion for this letter however is the "If Music Be the Love of Food" report—because there is one festival (unreported in the guide) which combines a food specialty with its season, lasting almost a month.

From 24 May to 21 June, the Schwetzingen Festival, (about five miles from Heidelberg) opera in the loveliest rococo theatre, built by the Elector-Palatine Carl Theodore (cir. 1778); and concerts, in the Concert Hall of the Castle's left wing, bring thousands of music-lovers from "all over Europe." And, this year, when the operas will be Purcell's ballet-opera "The Fairy Queen," "Acis and Galatea" by Handel and "La Canterina" by Haydn, those in attendance, will, as they have in the past nine years, partake of Europe's most luscious asparagus. This is served with pressed ham and/or a special omelette. Thereafter, a walk in the castle park, which contains a mosque, a beautiful rococo bathhouse (used by Voltaire), a "sunburst" belvidere, artificial Roman ruins, and a walk to the "End of the World"—will prepare the audience for a memorable evening. Wish you could all come.

Again, repeated thanks for the Guide.

HULT I. WILSON.

APO New York, N.Y.

I HAVE SEEN the Guide to European Music Festivals and found it useful and interesting.

For your information when you are compiling the next list of music festivals, I thought you might be interested to know that a small but quite excellent music festival is held annually in the town of Wexford, Ireland. The festival, which lasts ten days, is now in its eighth or ninth year and it produces two operas with the principal parts played by internationally known opera stars.

The address of the Wexford Festival organizers is simply Wexford Festival Office, c/o White's Hotel, Wexford, Ireland. The festival is held each year in late October or early November when the south of Ireland is at its best climatically.

MARGARET SULLIVAN.

Glenview, Ill.

MONO VS. STEREO

MR. EISENBERG (April 25) underestimates the discriminating music lover, when he maintains that "a good portion of SD buyers may be sound bugs first and music lovers later." I, for one, am disappointed in the selections offered on stereo discs and have, in fact, been forced to continue purchasing monaural records . . .

Perhaps if stereo is considered less of a risk, there will be a larger variety of albums made available. Then Mr. Eisenberg can renew his faith in the serious listener. For what we collectors want, is not just one of Beethoven's symphonies, nor one of the necessarily more melodious of Bach's compositions, but as large a repertoire of these masterpieces and as equally superb arrangements of them, as are to be had on mono.

SUSAN C. TURICK.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There seems little doubt that an ample range of music from all schools will be stereophonically available as time goes by.*

MR. SMITH SPEAKS UP

ALTHOUGH I enjoyed reading Oliver Daniel's "Le Jazz Hybrid" (*SR* Feb. 14), I was surprised to find my "current efforts" categorized as "almost anti-jazz." As a matter of fact, there are two recent recordings of my compositions other than the one to which Mr. Daniel probably refers (Contemporary C 6001), which are written in the jazz idiom throughout although they utilize classical forms. One is "Divertimento" which I recorded with Red Norvo (Contemporary C 3534) and the other "Concerto for Clarinet and Combo" which I played with Shelly Manne (Contemporary C 3536).

WILLIAM O. SMITH.

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

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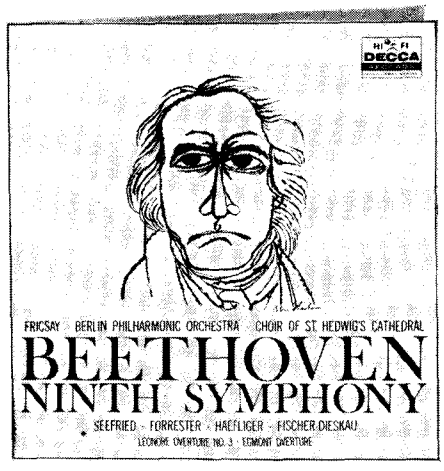
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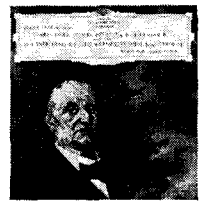

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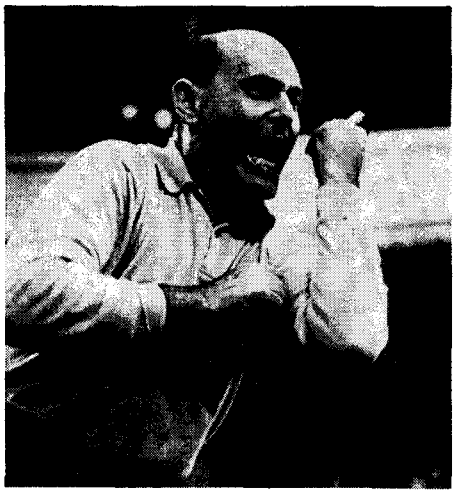

SOLTI

WAGNER'S DAS RHEINGOLD

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WALDEMAR KMENTT as Froh

The orchestra in session under Solti

GEORGE LONDON as Wotan

CLAIRE WATSON as Freia

the thunder and lightning department!

KURT BÖHME as Fafner

JEAN MADEIRA as Erda

WAGNER would have enjoyed stereophonic sound hugely. The spectacle of the Flying Dutchman looming up out of the storm with his phantom band on every side of the audience with frightening efficacy would have satisfied his exuberant sense of drama to the *n*th degree.

From a stage-production point of view the inconvenient transformation in *Siegfried* of Fafner the Giant into Fafner the Dragon (plus attendant off-stage megaphone) could be accomplished without this somehow incongruous aid–and with fearful awesomeness. The spectacle of a terrified Mime cowering under an omnipresent Alberich, whose voice pursues him from every vantage point of the stage with inescapable relentlessness in **Das Rheingold** would have whipped up Wagner's dramatic appetite to undreamed-of lengths.

"One of the great recordings of the century," said the critic in *The Gramophone* after hearing our presentation. The impact of **Das Rheingold,** released this month stereophonically on OSA-1309 will be one which, with its dramatic veracity, will not only knock the listener sideways, but would also have knocked Wagner breathless and left him clamouring for a stereogram.

Complete Recording for the First Time

Available for the first time in the complete recording and using the same techniques as were used in the presentation of the historic *Walküre,* London engineers have aimed at a production as near as possible to the real thing. In some cases–as far as Wagner's occasionally near-impossible stage directions were concerned–even nearer, with meticulous thoroughness.

The transcendent power of the music is electrifying. In the stereophonic recording the sound swells and pulsates–burns under the strange magnetic symbolism of this dynamic herald to the fiery legend of *The Ring.*

The theatrical requirements were studied by the cast as minutely as the musical score. The sound is as directional as the composer originally conceived it and the stage effects noted with painstaking exactitude.

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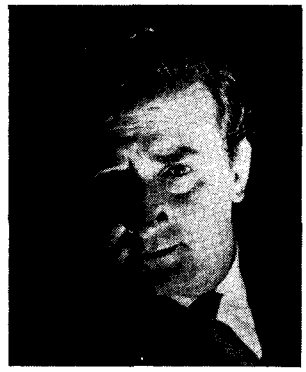
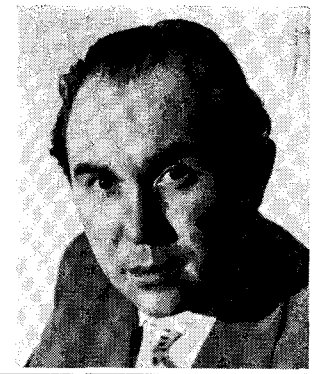
KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD as Fricka



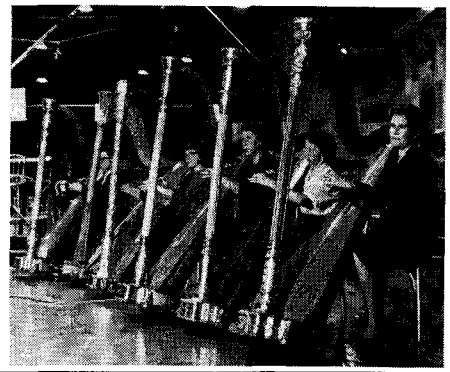
GUSTAV NEIDLINGER as Alberich

SET SVANHOLM as Loge

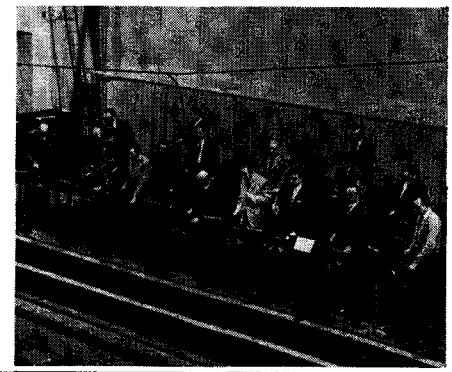


WALTER KREPPEL as Fasolt

The horns and Wagner tubas



A 'brigade' of harps!



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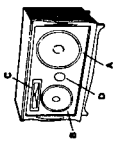

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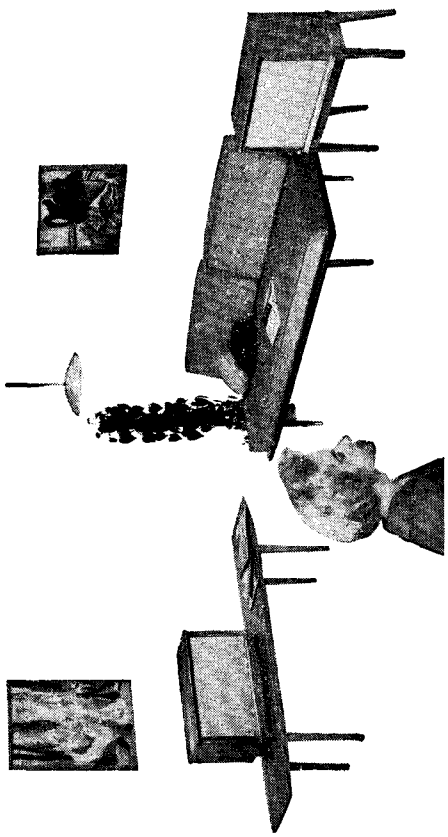

THE OTHER SIDE

New "St. Matthew," Authentic "Fireworks"

LONDON.

PHILIPS RECORDS, having just gained a measure of independence in this country where, hitherto, it had been no more than a department of Philips Lamps (now both enjoy equal standing under the Dutch parent company), has added a further pair of labels to its already diverse roster while yet remaining the only major group without a single stereo disc in its catalogue. The new ten-inch Fontana series offers, at just below £1, several astonishing bargains such as Serkin's performance of the "Emperor" Concerto, while other discs represent no more than one side of a normal twelve-inch LP. Philips, on the other hand, announces a new seven-inch label, which takes us back to the 45-rpm disc as we first knew it before the days of extended play. Both in content and in cost, this series is comparable to the twelve-inch 78-rpm disc of about twenty years ago—*e.g.*, for about 7s. you can acquire the "Figaro" and "Cosi" Overtures conducted by Walter—and I have no doubt that other companies will watch with considerable interest how the public responds to this re-introduction of a genuine classical SP.

The past few weeks have brought a striking enrichment of the stereo repertoire and, although the Decca group continues to set the pace in quantity as well as quality of issues, perhaps the most significant new album is the DGG Archive St. Matthew Passion (or, as it is labeled, "Passio secundum Matthæum"). With EMI's projected Klemperer version, which should have been put on tape this month and subsequently performed at the Festival Hall, now in the melting pot owing to the conductor's continued indisposition, it looks as though the Archive set is likely to be our staple diet for some time to come.

The performance is directed by the young German organist and Bach specialist, Karl Richter; it is complete down to the last "da capo" and as authentic in style as contemporary German scholarship can make it. Richter's decision to use the organ as his principal continuo instrument is probably correct from the historical point of view, though many will share my own preference for the harpsichord because of the latter's more intimate and expressive character.

Among the soloists, the outstanding contributions come from Fischer-Dieskau, who sings the bass arias with deep feeling and consummate skill, and Haefliger, an excellent Evangelist and a more than capable exponent of the two taxing tenor arias. The American basso, Keith Engen, is a sonorous if not ideally steady Jesus; on the distaff side we have Irmgard Seefried—sounding, alas, well past her best—and Herta Töpper, an intelligent mezzo with a rather dry voice. The Munich Bach Choir, reinforced by a splendid group of boys in the opening and closing choruses of Part I, proves to be a compact and well-trained body of singers, whose principal failing—a poor grasp of rhythm—is surprisingly common among German choirs of today and manifests itself in the tendency to lean heavily on the strong beats. The Munich Bach Orchestra, on the other hand, provides undiluted pleasure and the many important instrumental obbligati are beautifully played.

Richter's direction is skillful and unemphatic, avoiding any suggestion of sentimentality while, perhaps, underplaying the more dramatic aspects of the great work. His tempi do not always strike me as ideal—but he does avoid the eccentricities of pace and frequent mannerisms which so disfigured the familiar Scherchen set. The chorales, as ever, pose a problem that Richter fails to solve, for Bach intended these to be sung by the whole congregation. For these, I feel, a much larger choir is indicated, while the traditional pause at the end of each line should at least be hinted at and not, as here, frequently ignored altogether.

With its double chorus and two orchestras the St. Matthew Passion would appear to have everything to gain from twin-channel recording, yet even in the simple answering phrases of the opening chorus the disposition of the two groups is far from clear, while the solo voices usually sound much larger than life against the choral and orchestral background.

Outstanding Decca/RCA stereo issues of recent weeks have included the Gilels/Reiner Brahms B flat Concerto, sprightly performances of Schubert's Fifth and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony (Israel Philharmonic/Solti), Curzon's tense account of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto with the Vienna Philharmonic under Solti, four delightful Organ Concertos from Handel's Op. 4 (Karl Richter),

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Rachmaninoff's First Concerto together with Tchaikovsky's Concert Fantasie (Katin/LPO/Boult), Monteux's "bargain" coupling of the complete "Petrouchka" and the "Firebird Suite," and Richard Strauss's "Till" and "Tod," most impressively recorded by the Vienna Philharmonic under Reiner.

Since its abortive attempt to be first in the field with stereo discs last summer, Pye has conducted its affairs with modest decorum, producing an occasional, attractive disc and concentrating its stereo effort, for the time being, on the sale of equipment. Current releases include two mono LPs of unusual interest: one, devoted to Bach and Handel and played by the London Baroque Ensemble under Karl Haas, provides excellent ammunition for any musical quiz since it contains unfamiliar versions of three famous works—a shortened and somewhat rescored Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 under the title of Sinfonia in F, Brandenburg No. 4 in its arrangement for harpsichord, two recorders and strings (and transposed from G to F), and the Harp Concerto which Handel arranged out of his Organ Concerto in B flat, Op. 4, No. 6. If this sounds rather esoteric, the other disc should prove a smash hit as well as a most enjoyable contribution to the Handel bicentenary, for it gives most of us the opportunity of hearing the "Music for the Royal Fireworks" as first played before King George II.

BECAUSE the performance involved no fewer than twenty-six oboists, some fourteen fagottists, sundry serpents, and contra-bassoons, nine horns, nine trumpets and numerous side and kettle drummers (George II only liked music with a martial ring and abhorred the sound of "fidles" or "violeens"), the recording had to be made during the night of April 13/14, and the tapes were played to a gathering of the press at an open air party (with fireworks) the following evening. Charles Mackerras, who edited the score and conducted the performance, has done an excellent job; we can revel in such gorgeously brilliant sonorities as this disc contains (though it cries out for stereo treatment) and experience enchantment at the delicately decorated, intertwining oboe parts. The "Fireworks Music" occupies but one side of this disc; on the reverse Charles Mackerras conducts more conventional forces in the Concerto a due Cori in F, an immensely enjoyable collection of "lollipops" which Handel arranged from some of his most popular oratorio arias and choruses.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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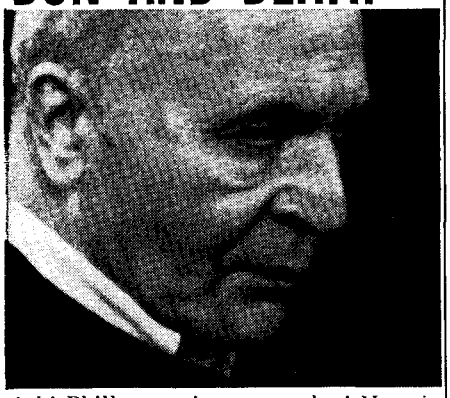

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Chopin Returns to Warsaw

By JAN HOLCMAN

THE appearance in the American market of Pathé discs from France has brought with it an opportunity to review the 1955 Chopin Contest in Warsaw through the playing of its six finalists (Pathé DTX 171-5, $29.75). A handsome album is enhanced with an elegant booklet containing old lithographs, vivid photographs of the laureates performing, and other high spots of the contest that convey a sense of participation to the listener. (The text is in French.)

Several recognized pianists began their careers by winning a prize in one of the pre-war Warsaw International Chopin Competitions, initiated in 1927 by Prof. Jerzy Zurawlew, and repeated in 1932 and 1937. Artistic requirements for applicants were very high, yet each contest attracted an enormous variety of young talents (under twenty-eight), representing many styles and nationalities. Although these competitions took place in Chopin's own country, first prize went three times to Russians who were either Soviet citizens or emigrees—the list showing such presently celebrated names as Oborin, Zak, and Uninsky. The war and German occupation put an end to this, of course.

In 1949, the Chopin Contest was revived in the restored Warsaw Philharmony. Once again mazurkas, ballades, and impromptus reverberated from under 470 skillful fingers. This time the first prize was shared by Poland's Halina Stefánska and Russia's Bella Davidovitch. This brings us to the 1955 contest of record, in which the thirty-two jurors again crowned a Pole, twenty-three-year-old Adam Harasiewicz, as victor in a field of seventy-four.

Harasiewicz, who studied under the notable Warsaw pedagogue, Prof. Drzewiecki, may be readily classed among the foremost younger Chopinists. His consummate interpretation of the first Ballade and the A flat Polonaise is only slightly affected by mild academic overtones. His Chopin is firm, sonorous, and precise, rather than sensitive, dramatic and passionate. His superb discipline is reflected as much in excellent rhythms as in flawlessly balanced technique. The difficult Etude opus 25 No. 11 is rendered effortlessly, without flaming lustre but with a genuine enthusiasm.

Five years younger, but as matured, second-prize winner Vladimir Ashkenazy is already known in America. His selections are already familiar from the Angel release of the same performances included in this compendium. On comparing the two artists, the listener may hesitate on whom to bestow his own "first prize." The Russian commands a richer tonal palette and often appears a more delicate Chopin interpreter. His Ballade in F major has a longer continuous line than any of the nine versions by others known to me. In his Etude opus 10 No. 1, Ashkenazy's technique is irreproachable, while his masterly nuance and keen sense of dance form finds an ideal outlet in the Mazurka opus 41 No. 4.

Third prize went to the twenty-one-year-old Chinese pianist, Fu Tsung. His E minor Concerto is approached too "carefully." He favors a big tone, plays slowly and meticulously. After the first movement, the Concerto seems rather long. On the brighter side, Tsung's seven Mazurkas sound quite Polish, and quite polished too. Less convincing were the renditions of the fourth winner, French pianist Bernard Ringeissen (b. 1934). His bravurous but somewhat uncommunicative Ballade in F minor and Scherzo No. 3 at times strained his pianistic capacities (i.e., unorganized pedalling).

The roster of winners was completed by two Soviet pianists: Naum Sztarkman, twenty-eight, and Dimitri Papierno, twenty-six. Sztarkman offers a contemplative opening of the C minor Nocturne and travels comfortably through the second Scherzo. Papierno brings to the Tarantella a splendid rhythmical coördination, vital pulsation and polyphonic "orchestration" inherited from his master, Goldenweisser.

The six contrasting Chopins have reached our market just in time to stimulate potential participants in the 1960 Contest. The value of such contests is obvious, especially for the feverish preparation they induce. But in music, as in other fields, a young phenomenon sometimes creates the impression of genius by revealing precociously an average adult talent which he later fails to develop. The real conquest must be attained over *self*, through unabated concentration and industry.

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The Little Ones

Continued from page 39

phrasing, in the dynamics, in the rhythm, which makes any other performance of this charming suite rather a disappointment.

Since Sir Thomas has recently added the Bizet Symphony to his repertoire (and a performance with the Chicago Symphony this season demonstrated again his unique sympathy for that composer's scores), it might be hoped that we shall soon have an Angel or Capitol disc offering the Symphony together with the "Fair Maid of Perth" Suite. Since for the moment that is only wishful dreaming, it might be well to have an eye out for ML-2133.

STRAVINSKY: *2 Suites pour petit orchestre;* HINDEMITH: *Kammermusik No. 1, Op. 24, No. 1. Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society.* Decca DL-7529.

THE HINDEMITH "Kleine Kammermusik" is not the familiar wind quintet (the second item of the same opus number), but an equally rewarding piece for a more varied ensemble, calling for flute, piccolo, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, string quartet, bass, piano, harmonium, and percussion. Of the many sarcastic, jazz-influenced pieces of the Twenties (including others by Hindemith himself), this is one of unusual substance. Some stunning effects in this work might still qualify the record for use as a hi-fi showpiece.

The tiny Stravinsky suites are of a much lighter texture, although the orchestra seems to be a bit larger than Hindemith's. The eight miniatures—Andante, Napolitana, Española, Balalaika (Suite 1), Marche, Valse, Polka, Galop (Suite 2)—were orchestrated from the composer's early piano duets. They may strike some as links with "Petrouchka," others as looking forward to "Pulcinella," but the most apt likeness might be Walton's "Façade" suites, although the Stravinsky numbers are shorter and much more sparklingly orchestrated.

This record was surely outstanding among Decca's American recordings of serious music (if music as much fun as these pieces may be called serious). The quality of the sound needs no apology. The Hindemith has been recorded on a Fantasy disc (with two larger Hindemith works), but the Stravinsky suites are not available now. Decca should consider reissuing these recordings as soon as possible, but discophiles shouldn't wait.

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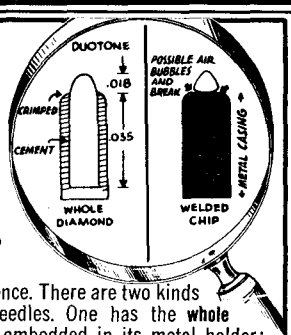

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"Fifth International Frederic Chopin Competition, Warsaw, 1955": An historic recording of the prize winning recitals given by Harasiewcz, Ashkenasi, Fu Tsung, Ringeissen, Sztarkman and Paperno, together with a splendid series of photographs of the whole proceedings. Pathé DTX-171/75. $30.75

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Bach, Johann Sebastian: "St. Matthew Passion." Deutsche Grammophon Archiv—Just arrived.

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CURRENT AND OUT-OF-PRINT DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED RECORDS

Two Thomsons in One Book

"Virgil Thomson: His Life and Music," by Kathleen Hoover and John Cage. *(Thomas Yoseloff. 288 pp. $6.00.)*

By Oliver Daniel

THIS is really two volumes in one on Virgil Thomson: first, "His Life" by Kathleen Hoover, and then "His Music" by composer John Cage. To biographer Kathleen Hoover, Virgil Thomson, "bounteous dispenser of mental champagne," has truly lived by the maxim: It is not enough to do good; one must do it with zest, originality, style. It is certainly good to have documentation on our American composers, and Miss Hoover approaches her task with zest —but with little style or real penetration.

The reader will hardly appreciate the Thomson personality from this account. Of four chapters devoted to his "Early," "Harvard," "Paris," and "Mature Years," the last is the most intriguing. Here one is treated to fragments of his writings, which reveal a personality inordinately more manifold than Miss Hoover's own writing conveys, however dutifully she tries. But Thomson, through his own words, is at once witty, clever, urbane, perceptive, waspish, and wise. And he is many more things besides.

Several collections of his reviews have been entertaining and provocative. Here again one is amused to reread some of his famous quips: for example, he once referred to Heifetz's playing as "justly remunerated mastery of the musical marshmallow. . . ." Reviewing a concert by Mitropoulos, he accused him of not conducting the orchestra, but wrote that instead he "whipped it up as if it were a cake, kneaded it like bread, shuffled and riffled an imaginary deck of cards, wound up a clock, rubbed something on a washboard and wrung it out." A Landowska recital, stimulating as a "needle shower," made him think of "golden rain and how Danaë's flesh must have tingled when she found herself caught out in just such a downpour." It is hard to think of any writer being able to catch the quality of Thomson as well as he does through his own words.

Musicians—composers in particular —will relish an impudent bit of Thomsonian whiplash in a letter to the judging panel of the Society for the Publication of American Music. "Your decisions are secret," he wrote, "your gestures discourteous, your airs and pretensions such as one is used to from the committees on foundations that annually award high academic honors and large cash prizes." He was particularly irked that after the Society had held his score for six months, a secretary, who did not even bother to note the work's title, merely penned a thank-you note. Such fragments reveal much, and one might relish more.

THE second, and more substantial, half of this book on Thomson, devoted to "His Music," is written by John Cage. Preceded by seventy-nine pages of Miss Hoover, he inherits a *prepared* reader. He approaches the music knowingly and writes of it with perception and skill. A complete catalogue of his works reveals Thomson as a more prolific composer than one might be aware of through either concert programs or recordings. Cage carefully describes the various facets of Thomson's style. His early interest in modality and plainsong, his later preoccupation with American hymn tunes, and his witty dead-pan simplicities, which Thomson himself calls his "imbecile style," are interestingly described. Perhaps not fully appreciated is the real feeling for musical Americana that Thomson has infused into his works. His use of various hymn tunes is similar to that of Charles Ives.

In his "Four Saints in Three Acts," "Symphony on a Hymn Tune," "Acadian Songs and Dances," "Wheat Fields at Noon," and numerous other works, he gives us music that is as strictly American as any in the entire repertory.

Like Villa-Lobos, who went to Paris to show what he had done, Thomson tells us that in Paris he wrote "music that was always, in one way or another, about Kansas City. I wanted Paris to know Kansas City, to understand the ways we like to think and feel on the banks of the Kaw and the Missouri." But for Kansas City, he wrote "The Seine at Night," which he called "a post-card of the Seine, as seen in front of my own house, a view as deeply a part of my life and thought as Wabash Avenue, where I spent my first twenty years."

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Tapes in Review

Major "Magnificat"

BACH: *Magnificat in D major. Geraint Jones conducting the Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra, with Ilse Wolf, soprano, Helen Watts, contralto, Richard Lewis, tenor, and Thomas Hemsley, baritone.* Angel stereophonic tape ST 4004. $12.95.

THIS IS A tender and joyous work, so concisely wrought that there is not an instant of dullness in the twelve short sections that open with the meditations of the Virgin and conclude with a triumphant Gloria. Sung to a Latin text, as was the custom with a liturgy designed to be sung at a high festival—such as, in this case, Christmas—the course of its movements has an almost geometric symmetry, describing, in three crucially placed engagements of the full musical forces, something like an isosceles triangle, and possibly suggesting to the metaphysically inclined a triadic symbolism with the concluding apostrophe, addressed in triplets, to the Trinity.

Bach's affirmative accents come through clearly in this presentation by an efficient and sensitive corps of performers, over which Geraint Jones exercises the manipulative skill of a discerning and resourceful director. Some adjustment of the solo roles here gives the second soprano aria to Miss Watts, and that of the bass to Mr. Hemsley, but none of the solo passages is anything less than grateful.

Copland by Gould

COPLAND: *"Billy the Kid" Ballet Suite. Morton Gould and His Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereophonic tape CCS-160. $8.95.

AMONG THE SEVERAL creditable features of this version is the fact that Morton Gould, himself a composer of ballet scores ("Interplay," "Fall River Legend"), is well enough oriented to the theatre as well as to a contemporary ethos to bring to his conducting of a colleague's score a sure feeling for both.

On a comparative level, however, Copland's own recently released version (*SR* March 28), although not on tape, has the advantage of being communicated directly by the composer, who not only may be assumed to know precisely what effects he had in mind when composing it, but has become remarkably adept at bringing these off in performance.

Gould's orchestra may lack something of the suavity that the London players furnish Copland, but it gives lively expression to a score in which conflict and nostalgia are characteristically blended.

The Last of Sibelius

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 7, in C major. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Angel stereotape ST 1002. $10.95.

ALTHOUGH THE Seventh Symphony is a brief work (essentially, a single extended movement), its ideas do not seem to be intensified by compression but, rather, encouraged to foliate as they will. The result is a fantasia quality oddly at variance with the work's title. Slighting none of Sibelius's orotund periods, Sir Thomas delivers them roundly, backed by the full eloquence of Royal Philharmonic choirs crowned with golden outpourings of the trombone, but even these awesome splendors are unable to subvert the righteous sense of aptness and proportion that holds him to his purpose.

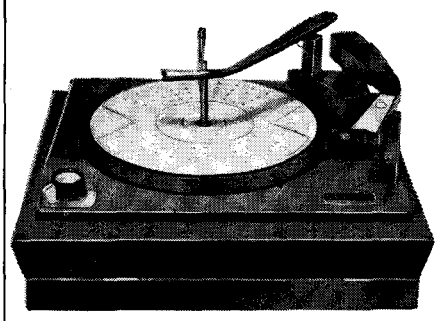
Taped Waldteufel

WALDTEUFEL: *"Les Patineurs"; "Mon Rêve"; "Estudiantina." Henry Krips conducting the Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra.* Angel stereotape ST 1007. $10.95.

MUSIC THAT puts no strain on the listener's attention is offered in these three waltzes by Waldteufel, the melodic pleasantries of which are treated to a highly polished performance by the accomplished Philharmonia players in a first rate recording.

Krips conducts with a persuasive regard for the brightness and gaiety of pieces whose charms lie accessibly near the surface, and although a faint suggestion of metronomic sameness runs through their three-quarter rhythms, the buoyant progress of their varied moods as here set forth in lively "promenade" tradition proves an effective safeguard against tedium. A worthy companion to the group's preceding album of Von Suppé overtures. —MILDRED NORTON.

the 9 seconds



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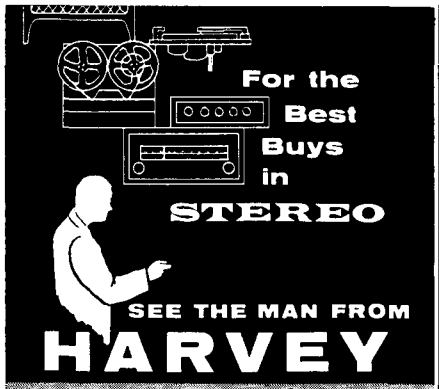

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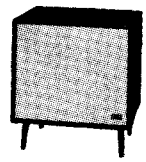

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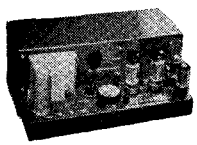

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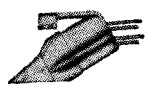

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S. Hurok

Continued from page 38

but, in a famous Hurok definition, "Balletomanes are people who want new productions and free tickets." When he had fostered a public that would buy tickets for old productions or, at least, come to see the same thing twice, the time when New Yorkers would spend $175,000 in a week to see the Bolshoi Ballet in the Metropolitan, or queue up to buy out the Madison Square Garden at relatively "popular prices" ($2 to $8) was faintly discernible on the horizon, if only to Hurok.

From putting on concerts in Brownsville's New Palm Gardens at $1 a head in 1911 to bringing a company of hundreds out of Russia in 1959 is a progress in showmanship that would hardly seem possible in the same lifetime. Much of his early capital he lost in an ill-fated venture with Chaliapin and a Russian Opera Company in 1926, lending a personal accent, perhaps, to one of his favorite professional anecdotes. It concerns a Russian named Katchouk who came to Hurok (much later) with a plea that he take over a Russian Opera troupe with which he had been struggling. "How did you do in Carnegie Hall?" asked Hurok. "It was a rainy night. We lost a thousand dollars." "How did you do in Newark?" "The promotion was bad: we lost fifteen hundred dollars." "How did you do in Brooklyn?" "Same story: we lost money." "So," said Hurok in amazement, "why did you go on?" "Well," said Katchouk, "a man has to earn a living."

While gathering new capital and persisting through years of effort to persuade Rubinstein (nine years), Argentinita (six years) and others to become the basis of his recent business, Hurok has listened, watched, learned, never hesitated to consult others on the merits of something that attracted his interest. Practically the last of the managers who scouts his own talent, he looks for it in the bud rather than when it is fully flowered or going to seed. When he auditions a singer by asking for "something by Mozart" it is not because he is such a partisan for that particular composer, but because a learned critic once told him—rightly—that it was the most revealing test of a singer's technique. How many books on the history of ballet he has read, I couldn't say, but his practical knowledge of the subject is vast. Nothing good, in Hurok's opinion, is passé; all it needs is "up-dating." He held

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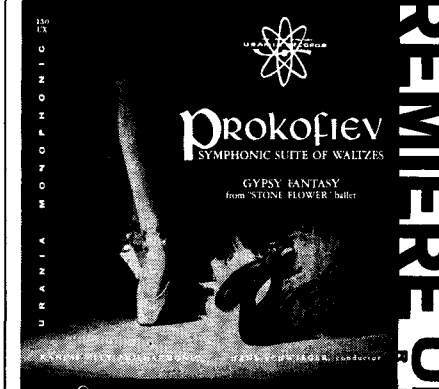

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Pages 33 and 34

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out with one troupe for twenty-four Swans rather than the corps of twenty they wanted to bring in "Swan Lake" because the Metropolitan stage needed the larger number to look "dressed." The company finally did not play the Metropolitan, but his basic point was balletically sound. If it is relevant to a conversational point, he can tell you what company was doing a Russian season at the Châtelet in Paris in 1928-29, who was producing, designing and dancing, the box-office take, also the box score on *amour,* and with what result on company discipline.

Foyer conversation with Hurok may run to a forthcoming election (in which he takes a vital interest), the state of international affairs, a current speech by the occupant of the Kremlin, or a radio broadcast he has recently heard, only to be interrupted by the statement: "Here comes the 'Blue Bird.' Let's go in and watch." He has an iron devotion not only to the things, but also the people, in which he believes. I had a sample of this when I sat in (as a consultant) on the planning of a TV "Festival of Music" a few years ago. The list of artistic "musts" (mostly Hurok artists) was lengthy, and some trimming was necessary. It seemed sensible to me to suggest that Marian Anderson, who had been seen on a previous "Festival," might be left out this time. There were some voices of agreement from others present, as Hurok's face darkened, and he suddenly slammed shut a folder before him. "Without Marian Anderson there is no program. Count me out." There was a program, of course, with Miss Anderson.

AS A middle man between artists and the public, Hurok has learned some expensive lessons, but perhaps the most valuable is that promotion can sell anything (once), but only quality will make a customer out of a ticket buyer. Few New Yorkers knew the name of any Bolshoi Ballet dancer beyond Ulanova, but the offer of its name in conjunction with Hurok's (with Anta co-sponsoring) to his carefully assembled mailing list left few good seats available for box-office sale at the Met. It might have been better, indeed, if fewer of the remaining ones had found their way into the hands of ticket brokers.

There is no one secret to express the success of his dealings with the public, but a good deal is contained in the explanation he gave to an artist who complained of bad business on a road trip: "If the public doesn't want to come, nothing can stop them."

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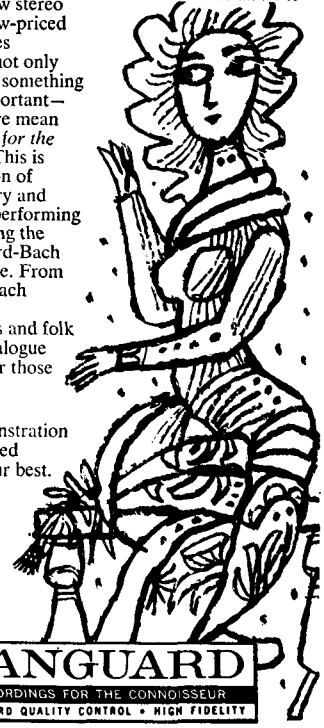

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Left to right: Nathan Milstein, David Oistrakh, Isaac Stern, Eugene Ormandy, and S. Hurok backstage at Carnegie Hall (1955).

per ticket cannot keep it away. A recent lunch with Hurok was interrupted four or five times by passers-by congratulating him on the Bolshoi Ballet engagement, one even saying, half-accusingly: "You cost me $300 for four tickets to the opening—but it was worth it." Like scores of others, this gentleman was determined to be at the opening because it was "the place to be" on that particular April 16—but if he thought it was "worth it," no small part can be credited to Hurok's educational effort, and the development among New Yorkers, and Americans generally, of some equipment to deal with this most educational experience of all.

For the Bolshoi Ballet is a representative part, certainly one of the proudest and most civilized, of the balancing power we must live with in a world of tensions and uncertainties. What they have shown us of their accomplishments and the society that produced them is enlightening beyond the mere pleasure of an evening in the theatre, for they carry with them unmistakable credentials of the best their country has to offer in dance, in music, in decor, in artistic taste, and judgment. They have shown us much of which they can be proud, and more than a little that we can envy, but the road from the legendary Theatre Street in Leningrad to Broadway is by no means all one way. We have been impressed but hardly shamed, and what the companies of the Western World have to offer can be viewed with a new understanding and appreciation.

This could also have been accomplished by each of us making a trip to Moscow on his own, at no little expenditure in time, tariff, and trouble. Hurok may pride himself on a major accomplishment in making it easy for us by his doing it the hard way; but even he, I think, is unaware of the impact, personal and collective, attendant on this visit. As an adventurer in the arts, he has never lacked enterprise, also the conviction to bring back for the most objective judgment of all—the box office—what seems to him both worthwhile and salable. In so doing, he has given a new twist to the meaning of the "profit system"—ours as well as his.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1314

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. German physicist, 18th cent., first to use mercury instead of alcohol in thermometers.	1 59 93 179 14 173 23 139 40 190
B. Laden; teeming with.	196 140 176 120 95 182 61
C. Dissolute.	118 194 30 18 124 170 51 110
D. In a condition of lost communications (3 wds.).	147 38 106 198 126 87 156 80 121 25
E. First of three ballets by Tchaikowsky, 1876 (2 wds.).	86 102 162 19 82 45 78 100
F. Expression used seven times in this D.-C. (2 wds.).	168 151 115 159 2 27 98 134
G. Where hungry swine may meet (3 wds.).	21 133 71 169 200 163 36 172 157 145 122
H. Number of "men" who "tramp" in the Harrow School Song (comp.)	181 175 20 101 24 155 74 199 28
I. Delibes' Indian princess who played with a small silver bell.	13 83 195 99 183
J. Roman ramparts.	188 142 174 64 3 12
K. Amer. bacteriologist who studied in Koch's and Pasteur laboratories (19th cent.).	167 125 112 85
L. Followed by "of Scotland", a familiar patriotic song (2 wds.).	177 96 8 84 55 148 193 17 44 153 171 41
M. Has a value of (2 wds.).	143 150 46 6 158 92 138

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. See Word O.	29 49 141 53 34 201 187 7
O. Followed by Word N, 11th-cent. French priest, chaplain of Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, who wrote history of First Crusade (2 wds.).	68 89 35 57 5 161 63 75 109
P. Sophocles' wicked son, 5th-4th cents. B.C.	94 48 16 103 136 32
Q. Person who plays fairly and justly (2 wds.).	184 37 56 73 189 152 202 47 166 104 137 97 149
R. Brothers leading the Jutes who invaded England, 449 (3 wds.).	146 50 90 130 31 180 22 76 144 114 72 39 192 43 154
S. Charles Darnay's family name.	15 116 160 132 105 11 129 108 178
T. Continued to supply headgear for.	70 42 186 65 58 135 185 52
U. Proprietor of famous old preparation for seasickness, long antedating dramamine.	119 69 4 67 26 88 165 107 127 79
V. Describing a favorite type of dress glove for women (comp.).	117 197 191 111 9 81 54 131 91 66 164
W. City in New York where Continental Army was disbanded and where Washington received the letter urging him to become king, 1782.	60 113 123 62 128 77 33 10

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 A	2 F	3 J		4 U	5 O	6 M	7 N	8 L		9 V	10 W	11 S	
12 J	13 I	14 A	15 S	16 P		17 L	18 C	19 E	20 H	21 G	22 R	23 A		24 H	25 D	26 U	
27 F	28 H	29 N	30 C	31 R	32 P	33 W		34 N	35 O	36 G	37 Q	38 D	39 R	40 A	41 L	42 T	
43 R	44 L	45 E		46 M	47 Q	48 P		49 N	50 R	51 C	52 T		53 N	54 V	55 L	56 Q	57 O
58 T	59 A	60 W	61 B		62 W	63 O	64 J	65 T	66 V	67 U		68 O	69 U	70 T		71 G	72 R
73 Q	74 H		75 O	76 R	77 W	78 E		79 U	80 D	81 V	82 E	83 I	84 L	85 K		86 E	87 D
88 U	89 O	90 R	91 V	—	92 M	93 A	94 P	95 B	96 L	97 Q	98 F		99 I	100 E	101 H		102 E
103 P	104 Q	105 S		106 D	107 U	108 S	109 O		110 C	111 V	112 K	113 W	114 R		115 F	116 S	117 V
118 C	119 U	120 B	121 D	122 G		123 W	124 C	125 K		126 D	127 U	128 W	129 S	130 R		131 V	132 S
133 G	134 F		135 T	136 P		137 Q	138 M	139 A		140 B	141 N	142 J	143 M	144 R	145 G		146 R
147 D	148 L	149 Q	150 M		151 F	152 Q		153 L	154 R	155 H		156 D	157 G	158 M		159 F	160 S
161 O	162 E	163 G	164 V	165 U		166 Q	167 K		168 F	169 G	170 C		171 L	172 G	173 A	174 J	
175 H	176 B	177 L	178 S	179 A	180 R		181 H	182 B	183 I	184 Q	185 T		186 T	187 N	188 J	189 Q	190 A
191 V	192 R	193 L	194 C	195 I		196 B	197 V	198 D	199 H	200 G	201 N	202 Q					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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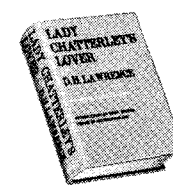

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